HOT & SEXXXY JUNGLE FEVER!!

PENTHOUSE COMIX

APRIL 1997

RETURN TO THE LOST WORLD

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PENTHOUSE comix

cover by boris vallejo

Libby Eisenberg – as nasty a bargain hunter as ever ploughed through Bloomingdale's – lands THE BIG ONE with a fabulously wealthy fiance, a Park Avenue plastic surgeon. Their fate has been chronicled in these pages for years! We roll back the clock to just before that turning point. We meet flight attendant Latischa and visit the fateful flight deck about an hour before its date with destiny...

Latischa
of the lost world

Written by
REX EDWARDS
Art by
ALEX HORLEY
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DIGITAL CHAMELEON
Lettering
VICKIE WILLIAMS

"AREN'T YOU DR. ABDUL JALFRAIZI? THE RENOWNED PLASTIC SURGEON?"

PENTHOUSE COMIX
WHY, YES. THAT'S ME.

AND HE'S WITH ME.
OOWWWWW!!
LIBBY!!

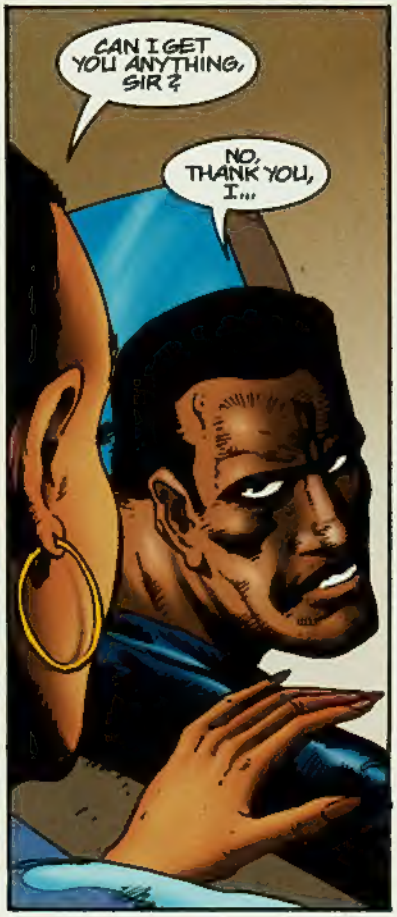
UNDERSTAND, BITCH? HAVE YOU GOT IT?
Y-YES, I DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING.

I'LL GET EVEN WITH THAT *PRINCESS* ONE DAY, ANN! YOU MARK MY WORDS!
SHE'S MARRIED HIS WALLET. IT'LL END IN TEARS. OK, I'LL TAKE OVER HERE, YOU LOOK AFTER THE GROUP UPSTAIRS, BUT LATISCHA, I WARN YOU...

...YOU'LL HAVE YOUR HANDS FULL!

OH, MY GOD! WHAT'RE YOU ALL DOING?
OH, LATISCHA. THEY'VE BEEN GOING FOR SIX HOURS WITHOUT A BREAK. IT'S BEEN GREAT! DO YOU WANT TO TAKE OVER FOR ME? I NEED TO TAKE A LEAK.

SORRY, HONEY. BUT DON'T WORRY. AFTER SIX HOURS HE WON'T NOTICE IF YOU DO IT IN HIS LAP!


CAN I GET YOU ANYTHING, SIR?
NO, THANK YOU, I...

"I COULD NOT REMEMBER WHAT WAS SAID NEXT, JUST THE EVENTS."

MAYBE I SHOULD GET ONE OF THOSE LONG, BLACK TEN-INCH MODELS!
OOHHH!!! I HOPE THIS NEVER ENDS!
MY FOUR-BATTERIED FRIEND... YOU'LL NEVER LET ME DOWN, YOU'RE HONEST AND FAITHFUL RIGHT UP TO THE TIP...
...MY TWO-FOUR-SIX-EIGHT-INCHED FRIEND!

CLUNK
UGGH!
OUFF!!
UGGH!
BONK!
OWW!
CRASH!

Ohhhh... WHA--?
NIGEL!!?

I HAD A FEELING WE WERE GOING TO BE TOGETHER FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES... JUST YOURS, I GUESS!

BRING HIM BACK, YOU BASTARD! DON'T YOU DARE EAT HIM!

I GUESS THIS BIKINI SEEMS APT. I JUST HOPE I DON'T HAVE TOO FAR TO GO TO FIND ANYONE!
YOU WON'T!
OH, WELL. AT LEAST THAT BITCH, LIBBY GOLDBERG, ENDED UP AS BLIZZARD BRUNCH!
OH, NO!
THEY ARE GOING TO EAT ME!
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
LOOKS LIKE I WAS PARTLY RIGHT ABOUT THEM EATING ME.

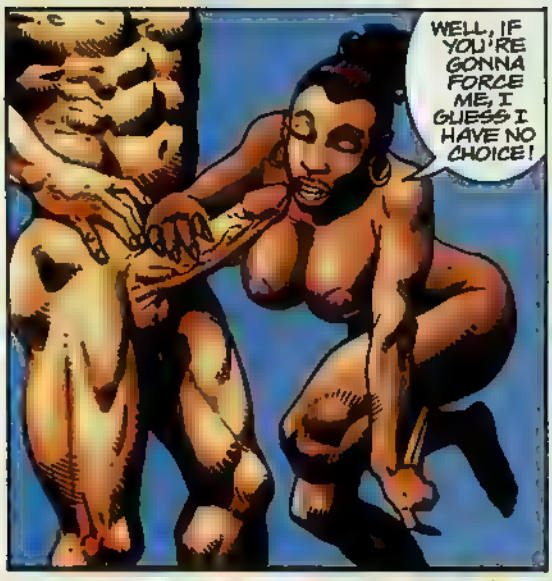
AAARRRRRHHH!!

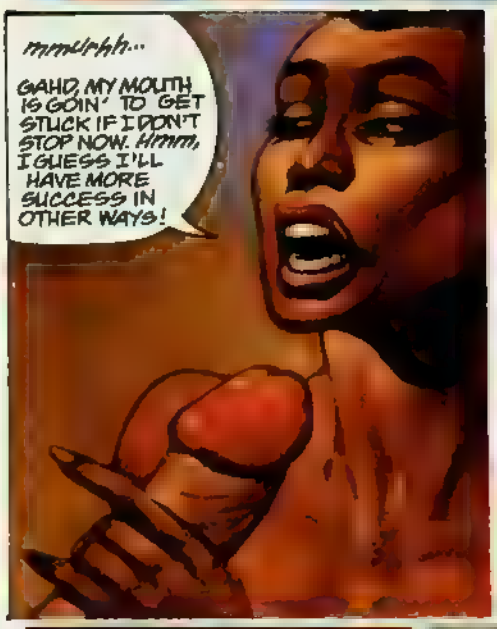
THANK YOU-- I-HMMK-- HOW CAN I...

...REPAY YOU?!

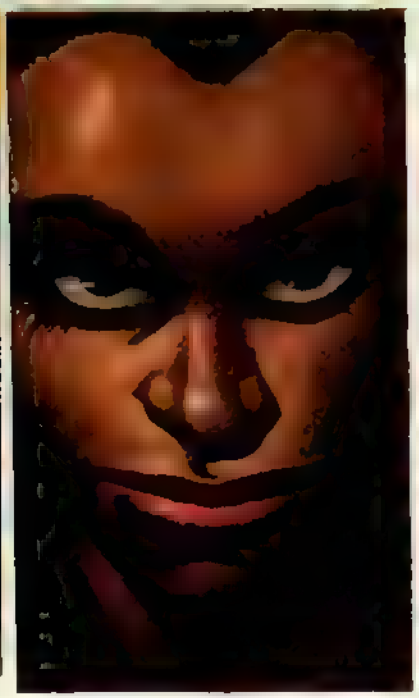
AH, WELL MAYBE SOME OTHER TIME?

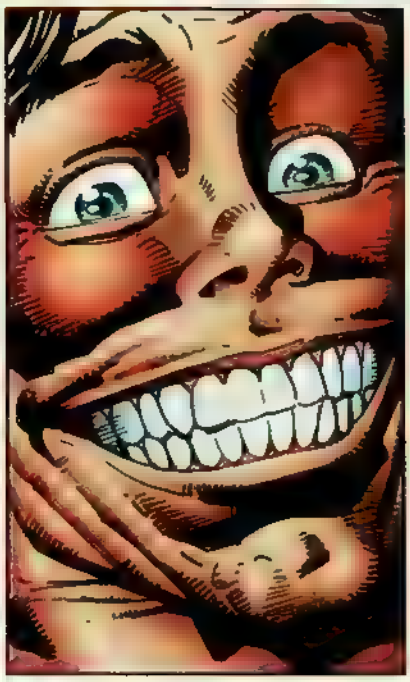
OOHHH, GOD!!!

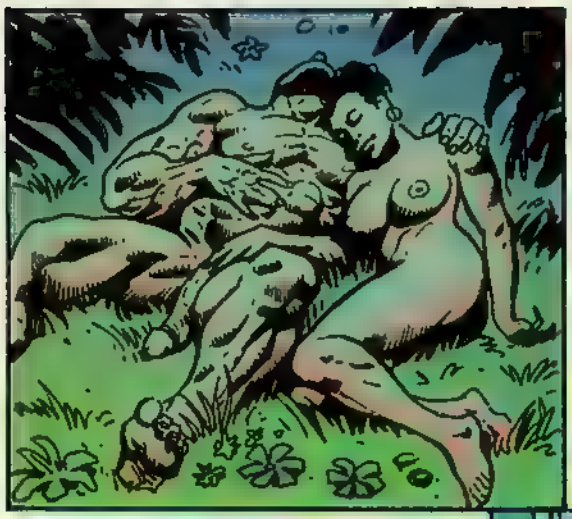

WELL, IF YOU'RE GONNA FORCE ME, I GUESS I HAVE NO CHOICE!


mmuphh...
GAHD, MY MOUTH IS GOIN' TO GET STUCK IF I DON'T STOP NOW. Hmm, I GUESS I'LL HAVE MORE SUCCESS IN OTHER WAYS!

WAIT TILL I SHOW HIM A LITTLE MUSCLE CONTROL...



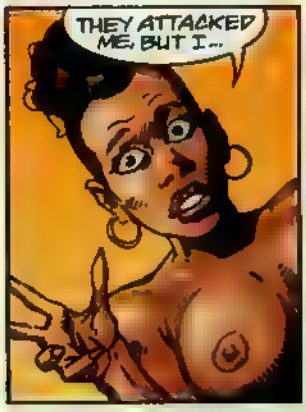




HMM! MORNING ALREADY? YOU MAYBE WANNA TRY THAT AGAIN?

ER-- LOOK, I CAN EXPLAIN...

YOU CAUSE OF THIS?!


THEY ATTACKED ME, BUT I...

I HAVE HEARD ENOUGH! THEY DIED WITH SHAME!
BUT, YOU ARE PROUD. YOU ARE STRONG. YOU KILL CUNTA!

THAT MAKE YOU LEADER !!!

ALTUNA

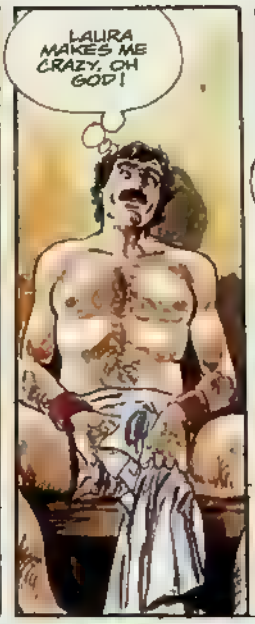
THE ALIBI

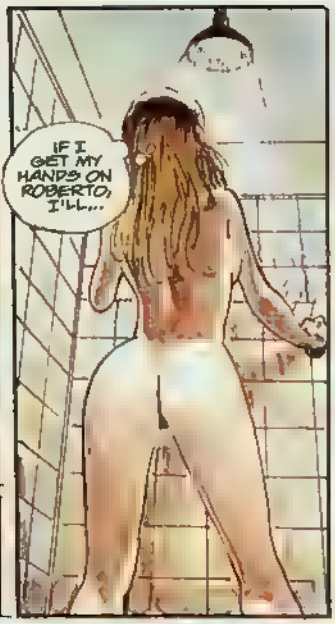
by HORACIO ALTUNA
lettering: JACKIE WILLIAMS

© Kentaurus Comics

IT WAS A GOOD IDEA TO SNEAK INTO THE CLUB. LAURA'S ALONE AND WILL STAY THAT WAY BECAUSE SERGIO'S BUSY WITH ANOTHER.
HORACIO ALTUNA ©
I LIKE ROBERTO AND I THINK THAT I WANT TO FLIRT...
I DREAM ABOUT THIS WOMAN...
TOO BAD THAT SERGIO'S ON HIS WAY OVER. IF HE WASN'T, I DON'T KNOW WHAT COULD HAPPEN.
OOPS! ROBERTO BEAT ME!
YOU WERE DISTRACTED. WHAT WERE YOU THINKING ABOUT?
MADAM, YOUR HUSBAND IS ON THE PHONE.
THAT'S ENOUGH, ROBERTO. ANYWAY, I WAS GOING TO WIN.
I'D LET YOU WIN, LAURA. JUST TO SEE YOU SMILE.
HOW CAN I GET HER INTO BED?
HI, SERGIO! I WAS WAITING FOR YOU!
RIGHT NOW I'M WITH ROBERTO, UP TO MY EARS IN WORK. I'LL SEE YOU TONIGHT, LOVE. DAMN JOB!
HOW CAN HE BE WITH ROBERTO IF ROBERTO IS HERE? WHAT AN IDIOT! HE'S CHEATING ON ME!
YOU LOOK ANGRY, LAURA.
WELL, I'VE DISCOVERED THAT MY HUSBAND IS AN IDIOT!
OH!
WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED WITH SERGIO? DID SHE FIND OUT THAT HE'S CHEATING?
I'M PLAYING THE SAINT AND THAT BASTARD IS SCREWING AROUND ON ME.

WHY DO I HAVE TO BE THE SAINT?

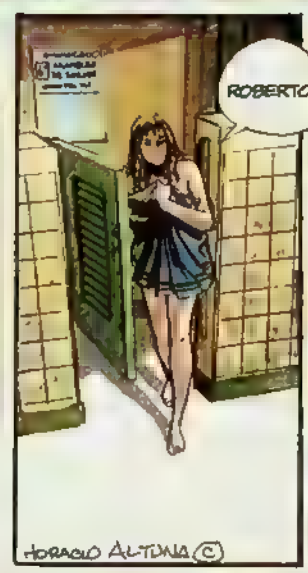

LAURA MAKES ME CRAZY. OH GOD!


IF I GET MY HANDS ON ROBERTO, I'LL...

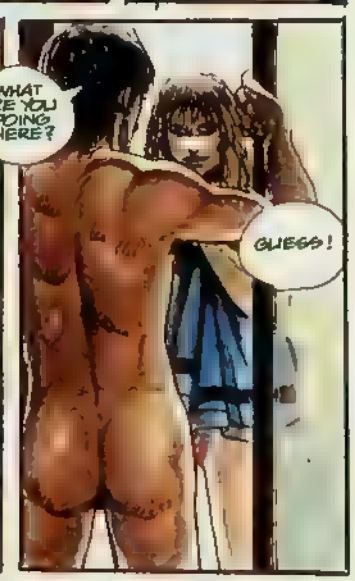
I'D BETTER TAKE A NICE, COLD SHOWER.

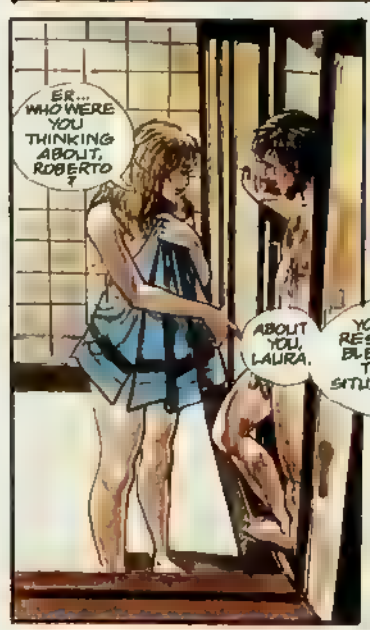
THIS CLUB IS EMPTY WHAT IF I CHANGED IT?

?
ROBERTO ?

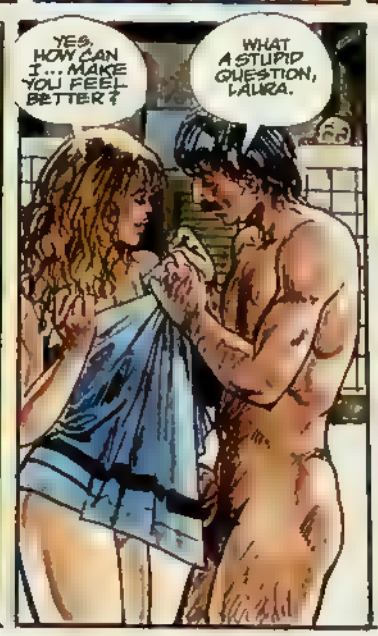

ROBERTO.
HORACIO ALTUNA ©

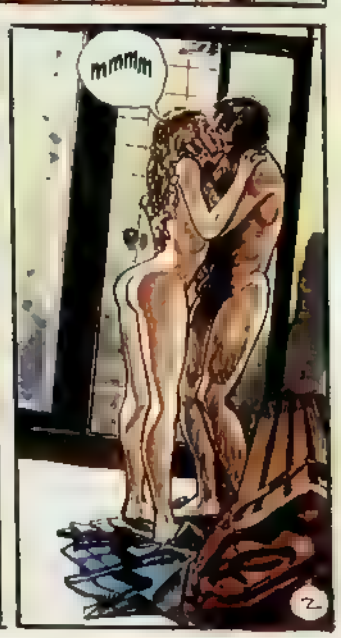
ROBERTO!
EH?


WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
GUEGS!


ER... WHO WERE YOU THINKING ABOUT, ROBERTO?
ABOUT YOU, LAURA.
YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS... SITUATION.

HOW FLATTERING! I NEVER THOUGHT THAT I COULD...
DON'T YOU FEEL GUILTY?


YES. HOW CAN I... MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER?
WHAT A STUPID QUESTION, LAURA.


mmmm

YEAHH...
OH.
SLOWLY.
OH.
OH OH!
MY LOVE.
MY LOVE.
HOW'S THIS, DAR-LING?
HORACIO ALTUNA ©.
YOU MAKE ME CRAZY.
YOU'RE WONDER-FUL!
LIKE THIS...
OH, MY LOVE. YOU MAKE ME SO HAPPY.
OOH!
I LOVE YOU.
3

BENITO!

BENITO!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, YOU OLD PERVERT? YOU'RE WITH A MAN!
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, WOMAN?

LI-LISTEN, YOU'RE CONFUSED!
AT YOUR AGE, YOU PERVERT!

YES, SERGIO CHEATS ON ME, I CHEAT ON HIM. AN EYE FOR AN EYE. THAT'S MY PHILOSOPHY. AND THAT WASN'T SO BAD, WAS IT?
BUT...
FUCKER!
NO, IT WASN'T! I LOVE THE WAY YOU THINK. I TOTALLY AGREE.

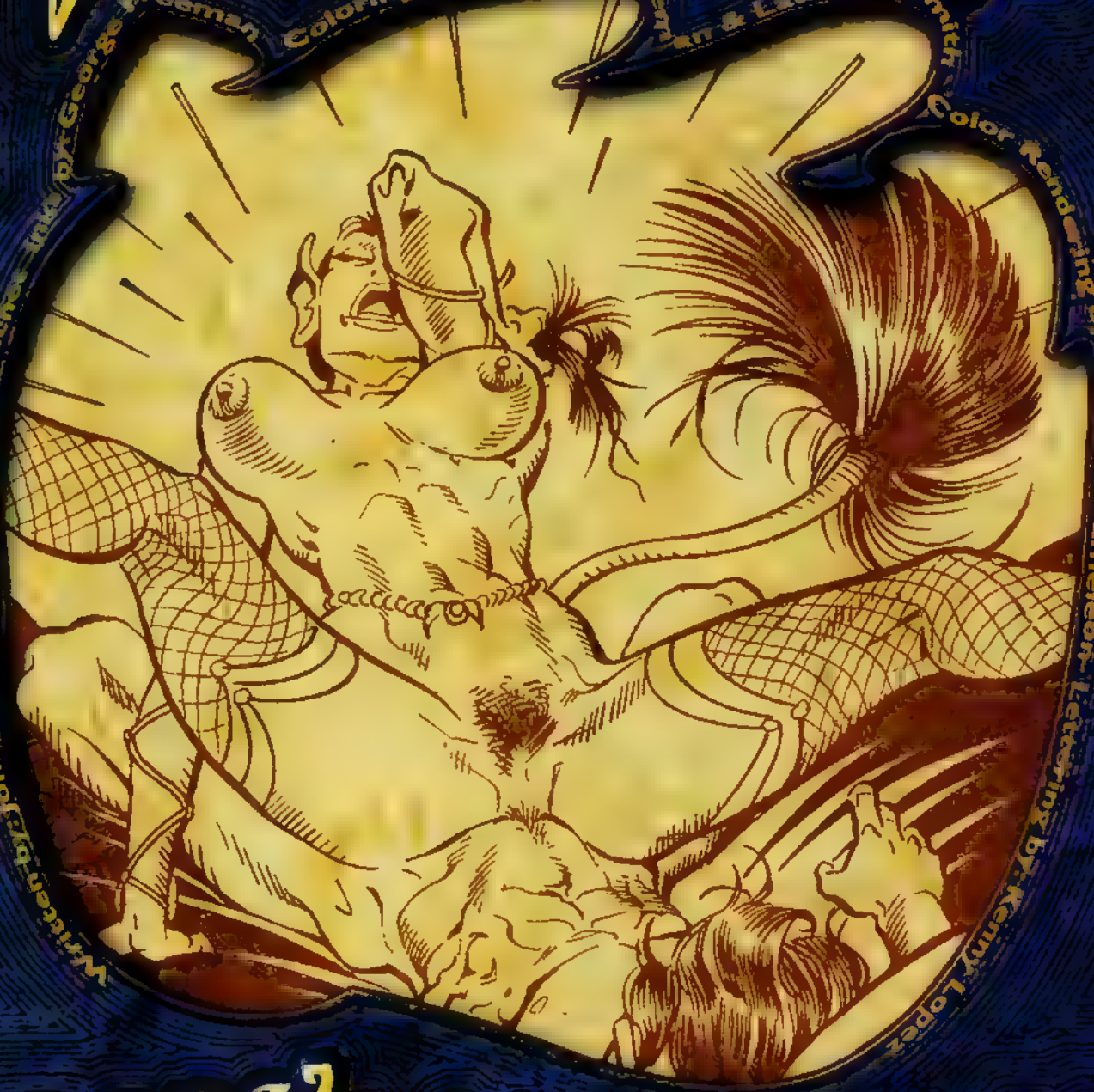
HELLO, LOVE! I CALLED TO LET YOU KNOW THAT I'D BE LATE BUT YOU WEREN'T HERE.
REALLY? POOR BABY. YOU LOOK LIKE YOU WORKED VERY HARD.

YOU DIDN'T FIND ME HERE BECAUSE I WAS WITH LAURA ALL EVENING. WHAT ABOUT YOU, ROBERTO?

WITH SERGIO, IN THE OFFICE, OF COURSE.

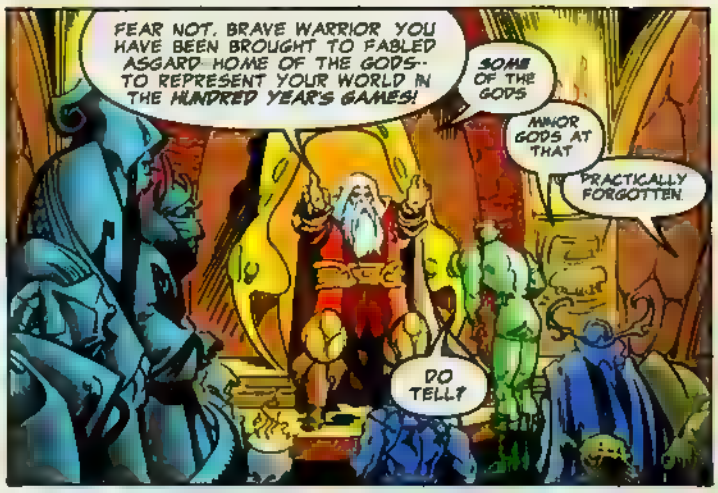
WITH LAURA?
WITH SERGIO?

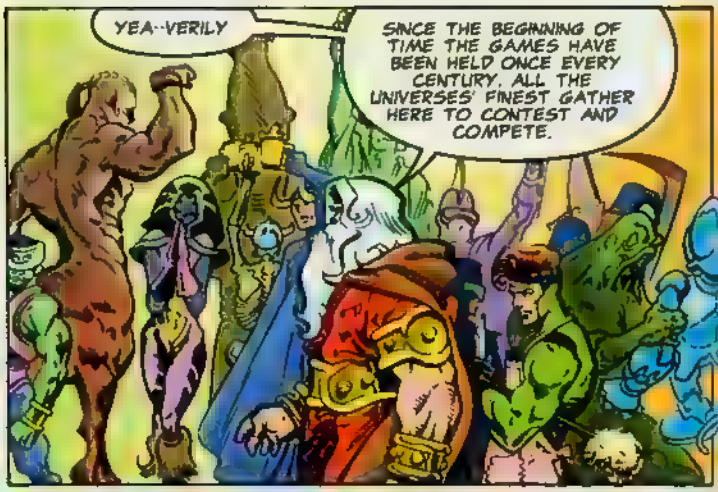
the EDGE



Earth vs the Gods

NO!
THOU SHALT NOT STRUCTURE THIS CONTEST IN THY FAVOR
BUT DAD...
SILENCE!
THOR, MY SON, IT PAINS ME TO ADMIT THOU ARE NOT THE GODLING I HAD HOPED YOU WOULD BECOME.
THAT MITHGARTHR BARD, LEE WOULDST THOU WERE HALF THE NOBLE SOUL HE MADE YOU OUT TO BE
SAY THEE NO MORE--I SHALL PICK THE LAST CHAMPION FOR THE HUNDRED YEAR'S GAMES--
THE FINEST WARRIOR MITHGARTHR HAS TO OFFER...
HELOISE WAS RIGHT-- A SPRINKLING OF INSTANT POWDERED ORANGE BREAKFAST DRINK DOES REMOVE THOSE STA-EHT





ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO WAS THE FIRST TIME MITHGARTHR WAS DEEMED READY TO PARTICIPATE.

ANOTHER MISERABLE EARTHER

AH... THAT SO?

INDEED. IT WAS QUITE A SURPRISE WHEN THE CHAMPION I CHOSE FOR MITHGARTHR -A HARDY SOUL NAMED TEDDY ROOSEVELT...

WE'RE NOT GOING TO SUFFER ANOTHER EMBARRASSMENT LIKE LAST TIME, ARE WE?

NO IT AIN'T RIGHT

HE BEAT THE CREAM THE COMBINED REALITIES HAD TO OFFER.

AND BELIEVE IT OR NOT...

I'LL SEE TO IT....

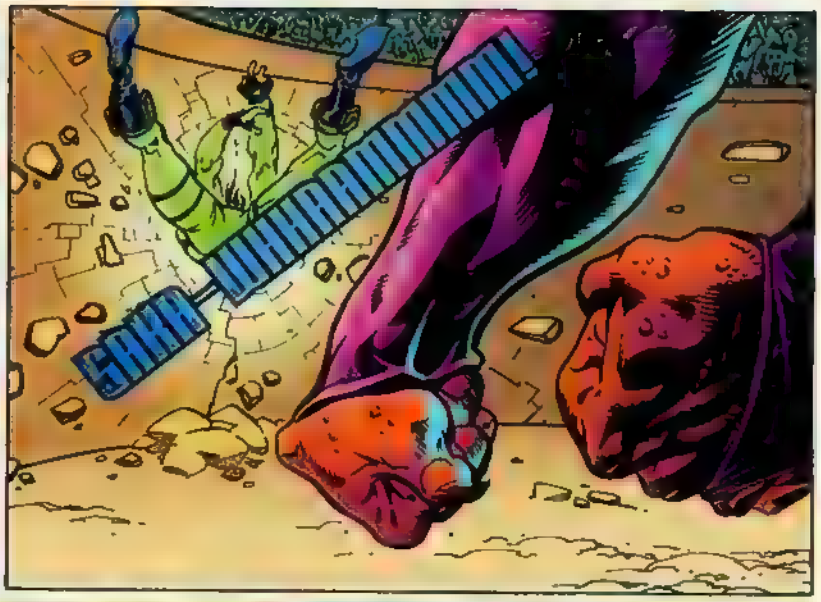
THERE BE THOSE THAT STILL BEAR YOUR PLANET A GRUDGE FOR THAT WIN

MY STARS AND GARTERS.

BUT--THE ALLFATHER IS NOT OF THEIR BASE NUMBER, NOBLE EDGE.
I SAY TO THEE INSTEAD... WELCOME TO ASGARD!
"HOME OF THE GODS
"HOST TO THE UNIVERSE
"AND ALL ITS CONTESTANTS!
"HUUUMMMMMM. EDGE ME BOY--WE MIGHT HAVE TO THINK ABOUT BEIN' A WEE BIT CAREFUL HERE"
"TO THE HUNDRED YEAR'S GAMES...
MY SON WANTED ME TO PICK SOME REGIS PHILBIN CHARACTER TO REPRESENT MY BELOVED MUTHGARTHR...
REGIS WOULD HAVE BEEN GOOD
BUT I SAID HIM NAY AND CHOSE A TRUE CHAMPION INSTEAD
AND, NOW THAT THOU ART HERE...
LET THE GAMES BEGIN!
I HOPE IT'S AN ARCHERY CONTEST

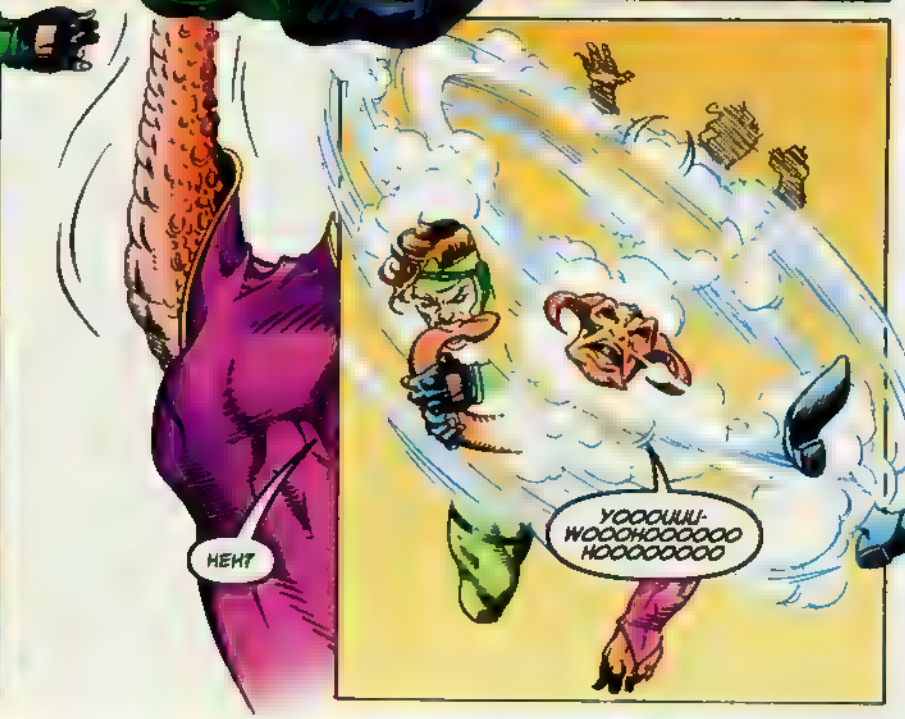
I'M NOT CERTAIN I UNDERSTAND ALL THIS.
IT'S SIMPLE. EVERY HUNDRED YEARS, EVERYONE IN DA KNOWN CONTINUUM RUMBLES. WINNER CALLS DA SHOTS FOR THE NEXT CENTURY.
YOUR BOY TOOK ALL THE EGGS LAST TIME.
PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT ENGAGEDE THE LIKES OF THESE BRUTES AND TRIUMPHED?
OH, YEAH.
HE CREAMED THEIR CHEESE, THEN DECLARED NO WAR, LOOTIN', ATTACKIN', SACKIN', PILLAGIN', POLKIN' OR NUTHIN' FOR DA NEXT HUNDRED YEARS
AND MAN DID DAT GET EVERYONE TICKED.
THEY ALL WANTED TO TRASH THE EARTH AND MAKE OFF WITH ITS GOODIES.
LOTTA GREAT STUFF DOWN THERE.
BUT--RULES IS RULES--SO THEY HADDA WAIT.
BUT, YOU CAN BE SURE THEY'RE ALL GONNA DO THEIR BEST TO TRASH YOUR ASS...JUST TO GET BACK AT ROOSEVELT.
AND FOR THE CHANCE TO RAPE DA SHIT OUTTA YER WORLD, OF COURSE.
WELL, YES--OF COURSE
"THE NEXT CONTESTANTS...
"XERGO OF BLUNTHIK .
"AND EDGE OF MITHGARTHR."
HEY, THAT'S YOU.
HUMMM... AH, YES.
SO IT IS.

SO, MARQUIS OF QUEENSBURY?

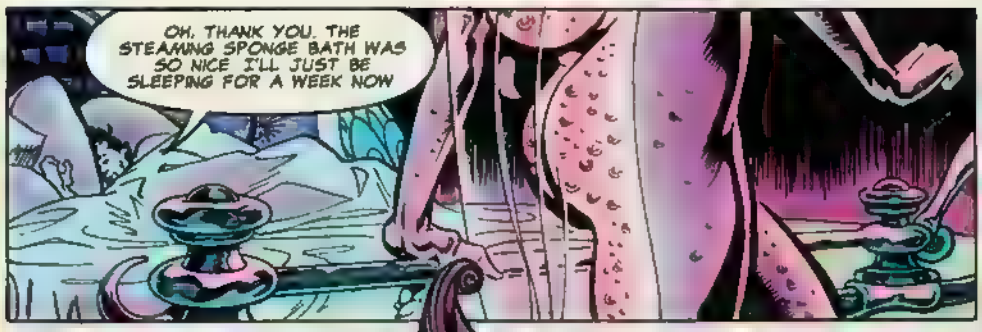

SHKR
UHKRAMMMMMM!

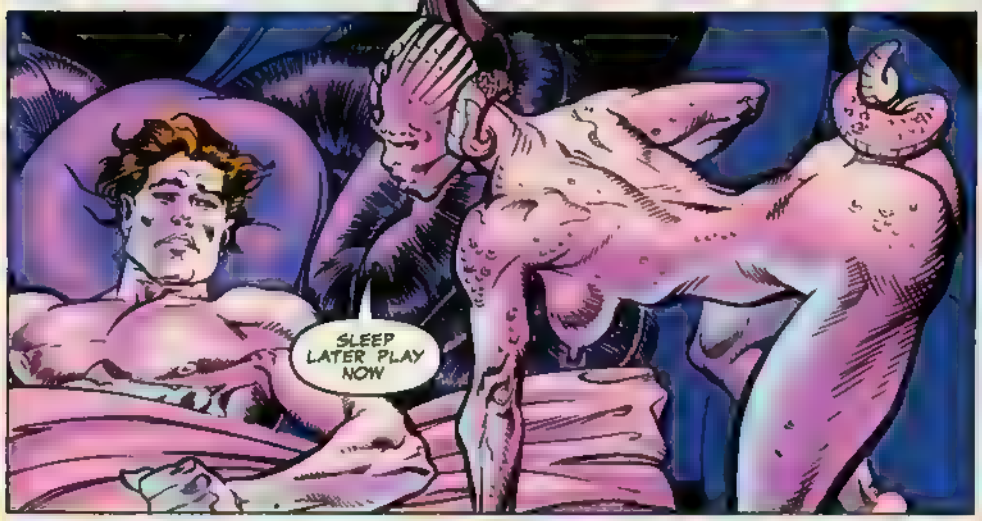
OH, MA. I DON'T GOTTA GO TO WORK TODAY...DO IT
CHIRP
CHIRP
CHIRP
THUUU-WHOMMPPP!!

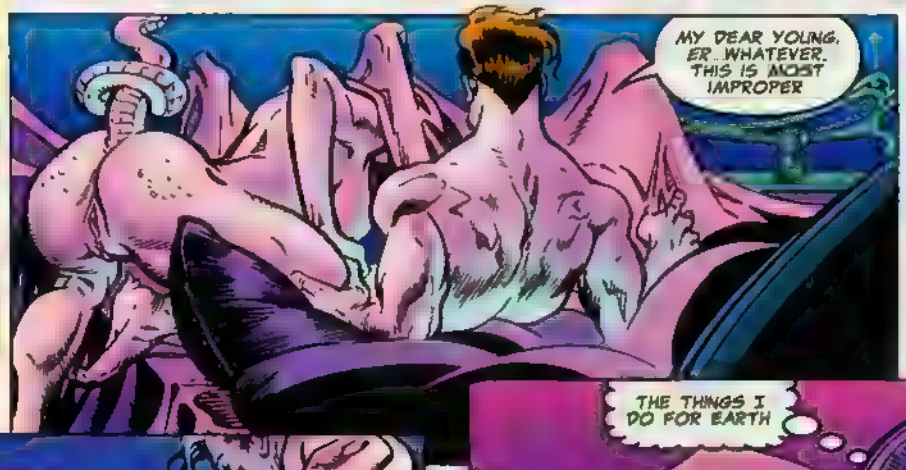
YAAG
YAAG
YAAG


HEH?
YOOOUUU-WOOOHOOOOOOO HOOOOOOOOO

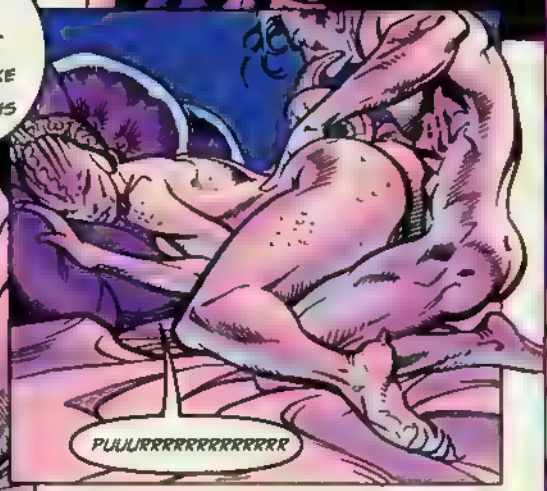
THE WINNER... EDGE OF MYTHGARTHR!
OH, YOU POOR LITTLE HUMAN DEAR
LET ME HELP YOU TO YOUR CHAMBERS.


OH, THANK YOU. THE STEAMING SPONGE BATH WAS SO NICE I'LL JUST BE SLEEPING FOR A WEEK NOW

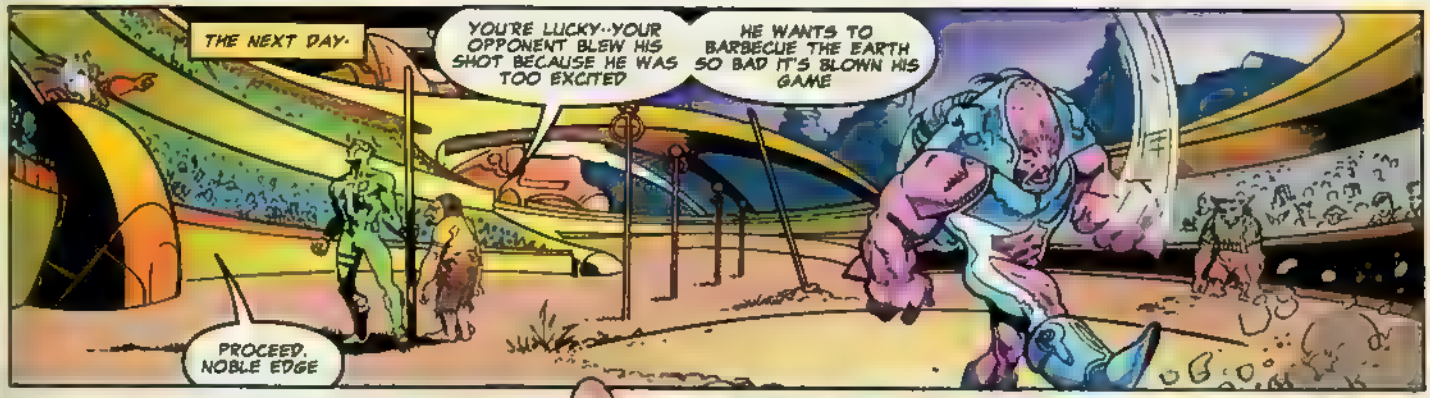

SLEEP LATER PLAY NOW


MY DEAR YOUNG, ER... WHATEVER. THIS IS MOST IMPROPER

NO -MOST IMPROPER IS THE ATTACK MY CAPTAIN WILL LAUNCH AGAINST YOUR WORLD IF YOU DO NOT TAKE HIS PLACE AND PLEASURE ME THIS NIGHT
SIGH...

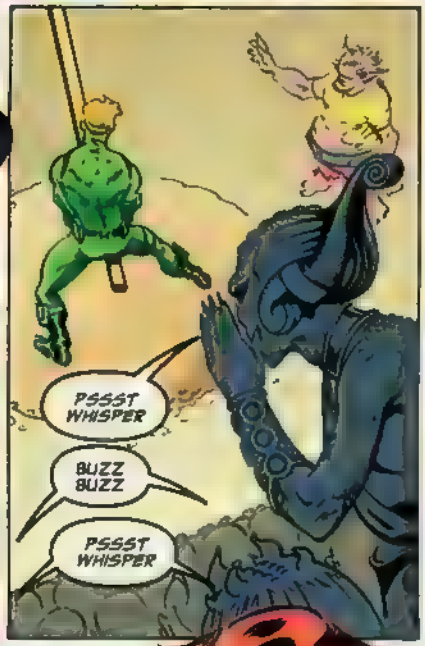

PUUURRRRRRRRRRRR

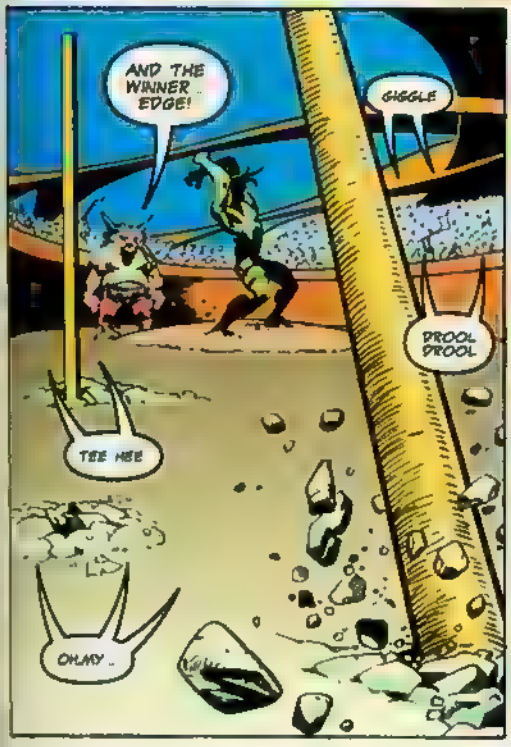
THE THINGS I DO FOR EARTH


THE NEXT DAY.
YOU'RE LUCKY..YOUR OPPONENT BLEW HIS SHOT BECAUSE HE WAS TOO EXCITED
HE WANTS TO BARBECUE THE EARTH SO BAD IT'S BLOWN HIS GAME
PROCEED, NOBLE EDGE

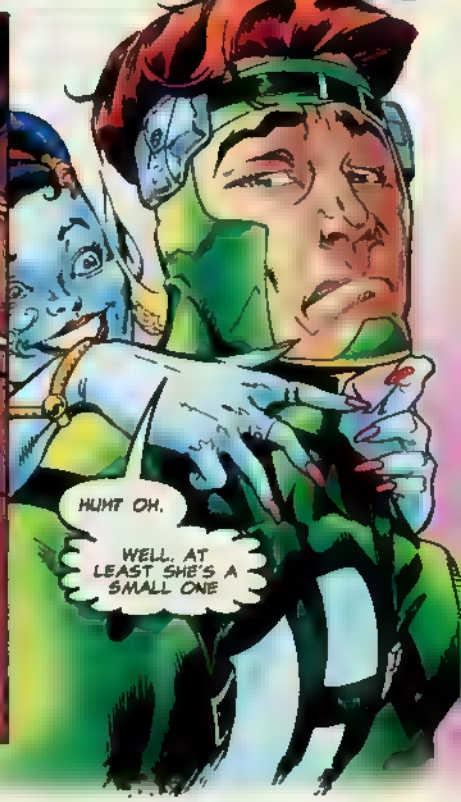
WELL. AFTER LAST NIGHT. IF THERE'S ANYTHING I AM...IT'S CALM.

UMMMMMMMMM M..THAT LOOKS FAMILIAR
OH, PLEASE.. YOU EXAGGERATE
AHHH.. DON'T YOU?
WELL. JUST LET ME SAY..


PSSST WHISPER
BUZZ BUZZ
PSSST WHISPER


AND THE WINNER EDGE!
GIGGLE
DROOL DROOL
TEE HEE
OHMY..

AND NOW..SLEEP FOR A WEEK.
OHHHHH. MR EDGE..


HUMT OH.
WELL. AT LEAST SHE'S A SMALL ONE

E-YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!
AAH AAHHH AAAAHHHHHH
SEE-WHACKA-WOWWWW!
WELL...THAT'S TWELVE TIMES. EVEN FOR HER THAT SHOULD BE ENOU--
STIFF IT UP, EARTH BOY.
THIRTEEN'S MY LUCKY NUMBER.
AND THE NEXT DAY--
YOU WILL SURELY BEST THIS EDGE, MASTER.
YOUR FIERCE SWORDPLAY FRIGHTENS EVERYONE INTO MAKING MISTAKES, NO MATTER THEIR CALM.
HAVE AT IT, WARRIORS!
SPIN

THE WINNER-- EDGE. THE NOBLE.
YAWN--IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D THINK HE WAS COUNTING ON HIS FANCY MOVES TO FLUSTER ME.
WHATEVER. LUCKILY I WAS TOO TIRED TO PAY MUCH...
ATTEN-?!
AND THE NEXT--
THE WINNER-- EDGE!
LURP
LURP
URP
LICK
LICK
LICK
AND THE NEXT--
AND THE NEXT--
SHLUMMMM SLURPA-LURPA
YOU CAN'T ALL HAVE BOYFRIENDS WHO WILL DESTROY THE EARTH IF I DON'T SLEEP WITH YOU!

FINALLY--THE LAST DAY OF THE GAMES--
ARE THERE ANY MORE OYSTERS?
TO THE LAST CONTEST, THE ONE TO DECIDE THE WINNER OF THE HUNDRED YEAR'S GAMES.
OYSTER SAUCE, MAYBE?
MUCH HAS BEEN TESTED SO FAR--COURAGE, STRENGTH, TACTICS, MARTIAL SKILLS, ENDURANCE...
OH, YEAH--LOVE THE ENDURANCE TEST
BUT WHAT PROFIT A WARRIOR ALL OF THESE IF HE HAS NOT THE WILL TO USE THEM?
THUS, IN THIS LAST CONTEST, YOUR RESOLVE, YOUR SELF-CONTROL, YOUR GUIDING WILLS SHALL BE PUSHED TO THE BREAKING POINT TO DETERMINE WHO IS THE GREATEST OF YOU ALL.
YOU FIVE ARE THE LAST CONTESTANTS REMAINING IN THIS CENTURY'S GAMES. BUT .
THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE!

zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz

OH, NO, I DON'T GET CAUGHT BY THAT OLD TRICK AGAIN
AND--TWO SLEEP CYCLES LATER--
WELL DONE, NOBLE EDGE, YOU HAVE WON THE GAMES AND YOUR DECLARATION OF INTER-REALITY PEACE WILL BE ENFORCED FOR THE NEXT HUNDRED YEARS.
AS I PRESENT YOU THE PRIZE OF A HALF TON OF GOLD, I MUST ASK--DOES YOUR PROUD LION'S HEART HOLD ANY FINAL OBSERVATIONS OR QUESTIONS FOR US?
WELL... THERE WAS ONE THING.
WAAAAAWWWAAAAAA
SHOULDN'T SOMEBODY STOP THAT GUY?
OH, YEAH--THE EVER-LOVIN' END!

MILO MANARA's

THE BALLERINA

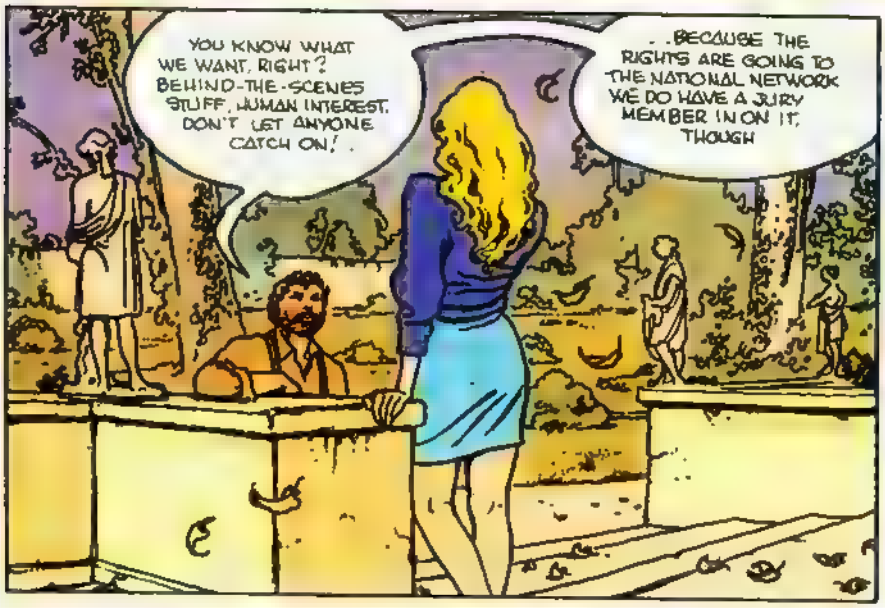
That demanding camera crew follows the back-stage tension of The Ballet. Take a bunch of young girls, work them like draft animals 16 hours a day for months and then make them perform perfectly. Performance pressure brewing? Let the unblinking eye of the camera show us...

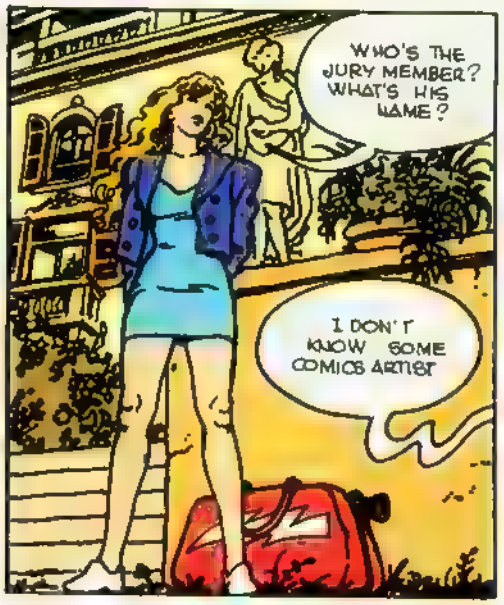
part 5

HIDDEN CAMERA

YES IT'S THE 'MISS ITALY' BEAUTY PAGEANT BUT YOU'LL ONLY PRETEND TO BE A CONTESTANT I KNOW YOU DON'T LIKE IT BUT...

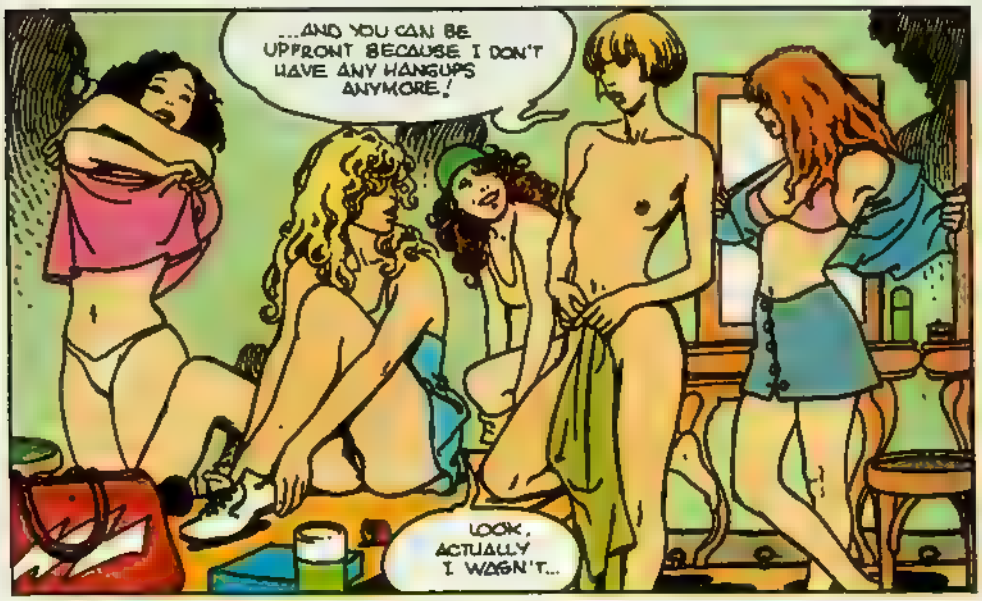
LISTEN, HONEY. JUST CARRY THIS BAG AROUND WITH YOU ALL THE TIME – IN THE DRESSING TENTS, ON STAGE, EVERYWHERE THE CAMERA IS HIDDEN INSIDE.


YOU KNOW WHAT WE WANT, RIGHT? BEHIND-THE-SCENES STUFF, HUMAN INTEREST. DON'T LET ANYONE CATCH ON!
...BECAUSE THE RIGHTS ARE GOING TO THE NATIONAL NETWORK WE DO HAVE A JURY MEMBER IN ON IT, THOUGH

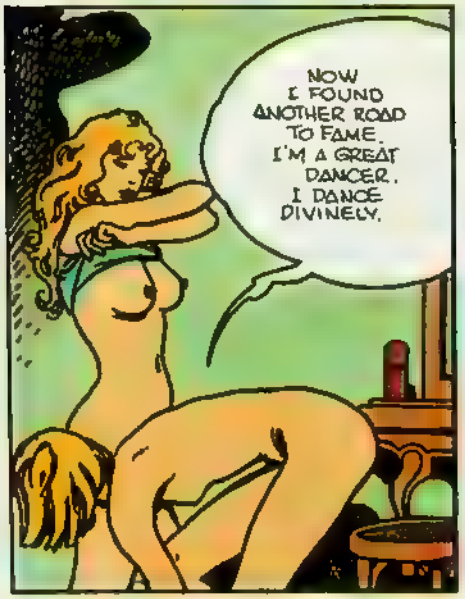

WHO'S THE JURY MEMBER? WHAT'S HIS NAME?
I DON'T KNOW SOME COMICS ARTIST

LATER, IN THE DRESSING AREA...

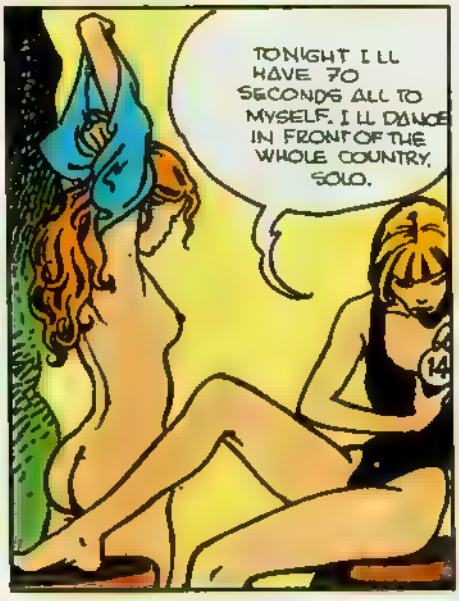
ALL RIGHT, GIRLS. WE'LL BE GOING LIVE IN LESS THAN AN HOUR
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING. YOU THINK MY TITS AREN'T BIG ENOUGH, RIGHT? I KNOW THAT...


...AND YOU CAN BE UPFRONT BECAUSE I DON'T HAVE ANY HANGUPS ANYMORE!
LOOK, ACTUALLY I WASN'T...

WHEN I WAS YOUNGER IT BOTHERED ME A LOT. I EVEN TRIED SUICIDE TWICE. BUT NOW IT'S DIFFERENT.


NOW I FOUND ANOTHER ROAD TO FAME. I'M A GREAT DANCER. I DANCE DIVINELY.

I DON'T CARE ABOUT "MISS ITALY." I'M HERE TO DANCE. THE CHOREOGRAPHER KNOWS IT. HE KNOWS ME. AND TONIGHT HE'LL LET ME DANCE ALONE, LIVE.


TONIGHT I'LL HAVE 70 SECONDS ALL TO MYSELF. I'LL DANCE IN FRONT OF THE WHOLE COUNTRY, SOLO.
14

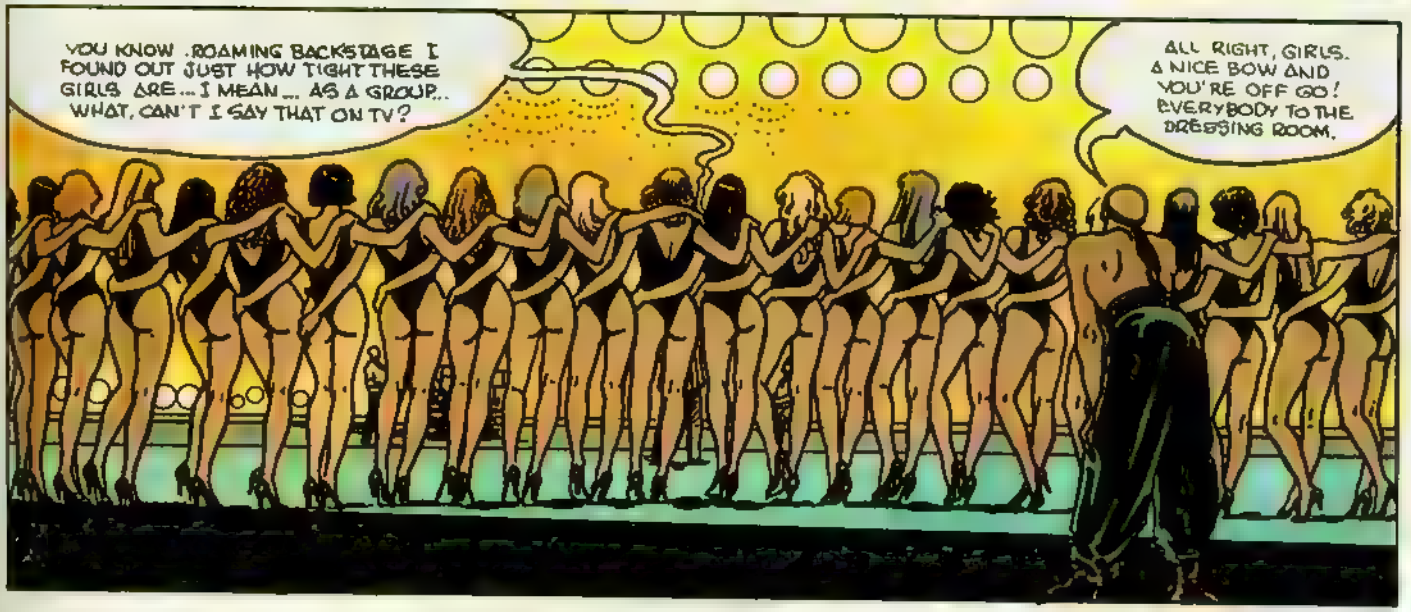
O.K., GIRLS. IT'S TIME. JUST DO EVERYTHING LIKE IN REHEARSAL ANYWAY. I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU.
I CAN GET THE WHOLE STAGE FROM THIS SPOT...

YOU TOO, 14, WATCH ME. I'LL GIVE YOU A SIGN RIGHT AFTER "MISS ITALY" IS ANNOUNCED. THEN IT'LL BE YOUR TURN. BE PREPARED.

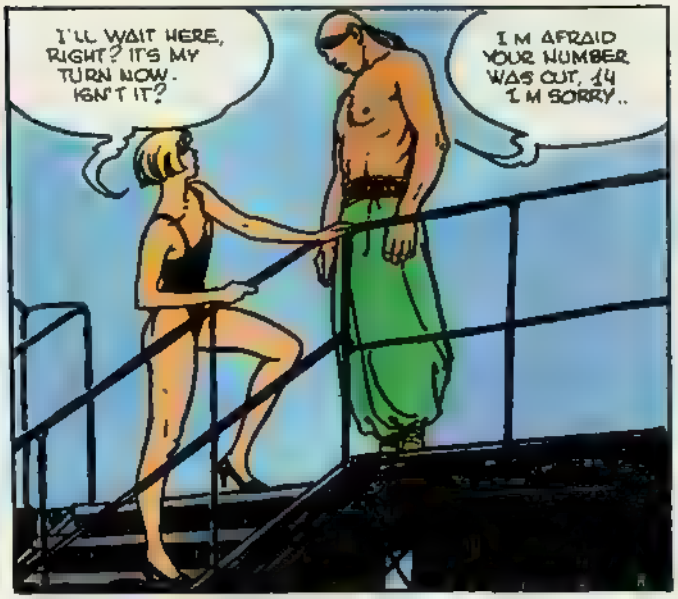
MISS ITALIA 88
SALSOMAGGIORE TERME
LET'S GIVE A BIG HAND TO "MISS ITALY 1990!"
RAI

GO ON, CLAP, CLAP.. IT'S MY TURN NOW, AND YOU'LL SCORCH YOUR HANDS WITH CLAPPING!...
13
14
15

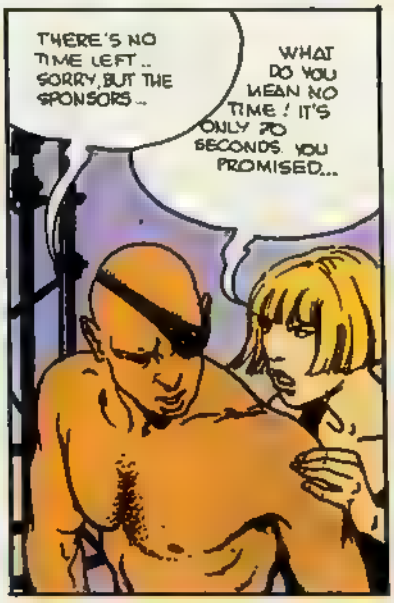
AND HEEERE'S A COMEDIAN WHO NEEDS NO INTRODUCTION!


YOU KNOW .ROAMING BACKSTAGE I FOUND OUT JUST HOW TIGHT THESE GIRLS ARE... I MEAN... AS A GROUP... WHAT, CAN'T I SAY THAT ON TV?
ALL RIGHT, GIRLS. A NICE BOW AND YOU'RE OFF GO! EVERYBODY TO THE DRESSING ROOM.

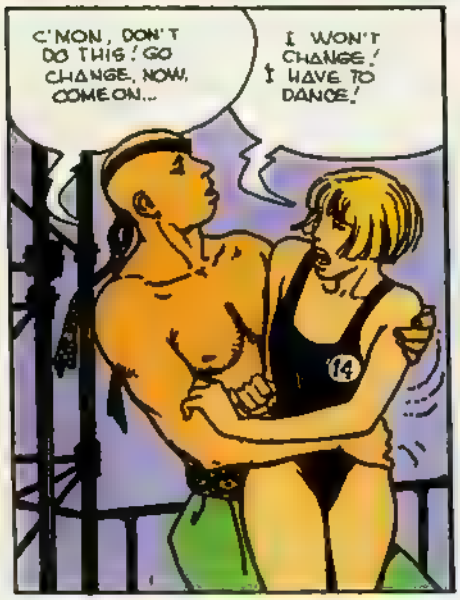
HURRY, HURRY YOU HAVE TO CHANGE FOR THE RECEPTION AFTER THE SHOW


I'LL WAIT HERE, RIGHT? IT'S MY TURN NOW. ISN'T IT?
I'M AFRAID YOUR NUMBER WAS OUT, 14 I'M SORRY..

YUP THOSE GIRLS... WITH ALL THOSE CURVES.. WE SHOULD LOWER THE SPEED LIMIT. HA! HA! HA!


THERE'S NO TIME LEFT.. SORRY, BUT THE SPONSORS..
WHAT DO YOU MEAN NO TIME! IT'S ONLY 70 SECONDS. YOU PROMISED...

BECAUSE, AS OSCAR WILDE SAID, GIRLS SIT ON THEIR FORTUNE AND DON'T EVEN KNOW IT! HA! HA! HA!


C'MON, DON'T DO THIS! GO CHANGE, NOW, COME ON...
I WON'T CHANGE! I HAVE TO DANCE!
14

NOO! WHAT ARE YOU THINKING? "TIT FOR TAT" IS THE TITLE OF MY LATEST MOVIE ..SOON TO BE RELEASED! HA! HA!

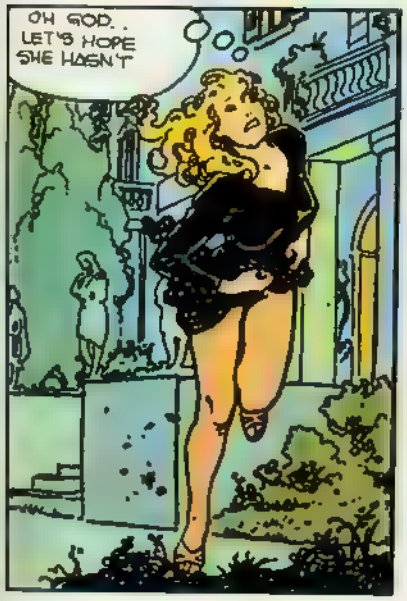
THAT ASSHOLE'S EATING UP ALL MY TIME!
SOMEBODY, GET HER OUT OF HERE!

DON'T TOUCH ME!
CALM DOWN, BABY, CALM DOWN!

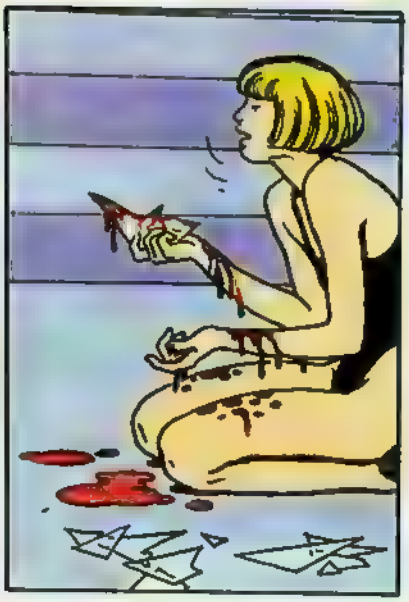
THIS IS THE "MISS ITALY" SHOW. WE ARE THE STARS! US GIRLS!

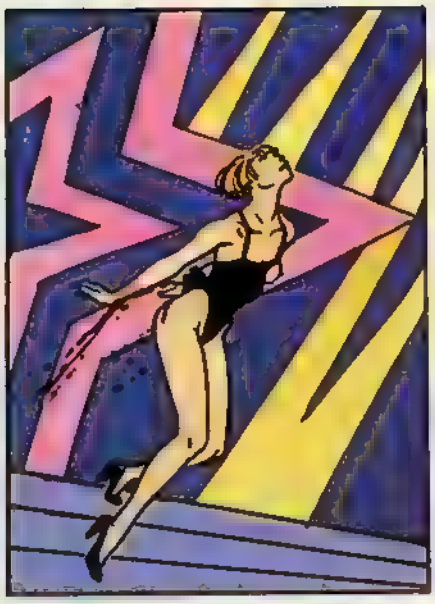
LET ME GO! I MUST DANCE. I CAN DANCE!
QUICK GET HER OUT OF HERE! OUT!!

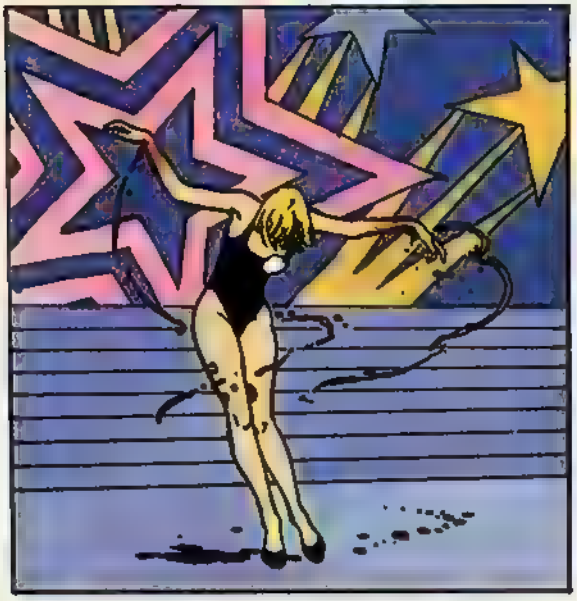
AT THE RECEPTION, AFTER THE SHOW!
HASN'T ANYONE SEEN 14 AROUND?

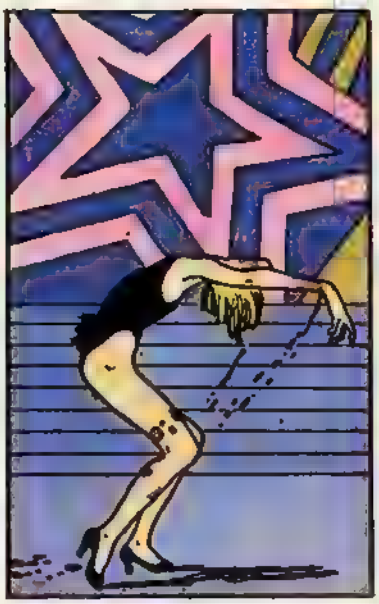

OH GOD. LET'S HOPE SHE HASN'T

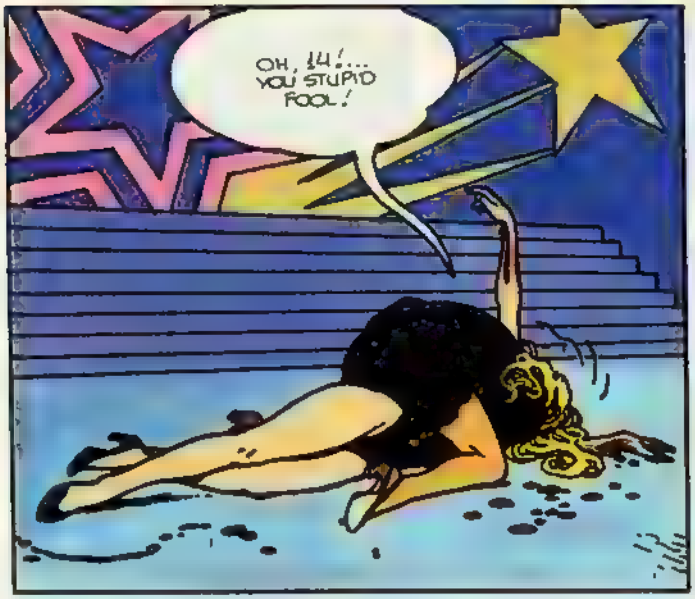
ITALIA 88











END OF EPISODE 5

story and art:
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color design:
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DIGITAL CHAMELEON
lettering:
VICKIE WILLIAMS

LARA X

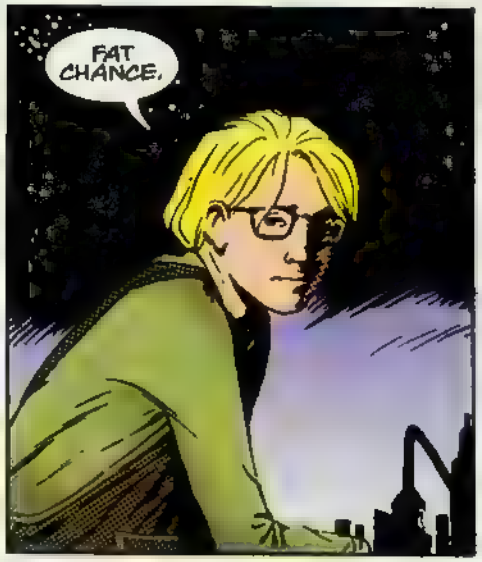
The Earth as we know it is a dim and distant memory. Basic resources are now unimaginably scarce. If you can't pull your own weight, your fate is uncertain. The gloss of childhood will slip away most quickly as each child must prove themselves at an unbearably young age. Parental pressures are no less dramatic: early death common — the rise of X-designators for wards of the system all too numerous. Lara knows she must make her own way in this most hostile of worlds and uses every natural skill she possesses. If she cannot make this world hers, she will find a new one...

WHAT DO YOU WANT, LARA?

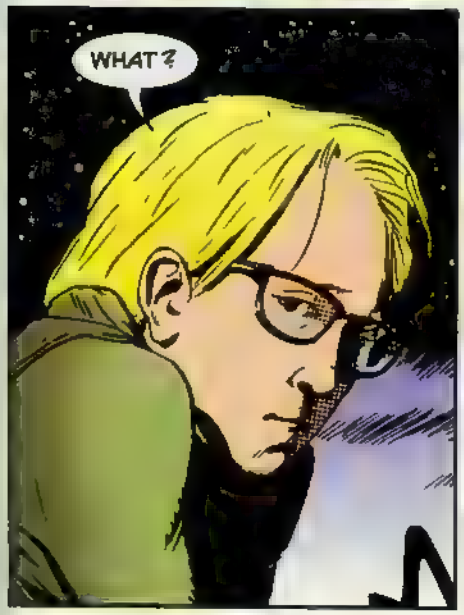
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
WHAT WOULD REALLY MAKE YOU HAPPY?

A PAIR OF BLACK ONYX EARRINGS.
YOU'RE JUST A KID, LARA. HOW WOULD YOU PAY FOR JEWELRY?

I SAW A PAIR IN THE COMMISSARY AND I'M GOING TO GET THEM... YOU WATCH.


FAT CHANCE.

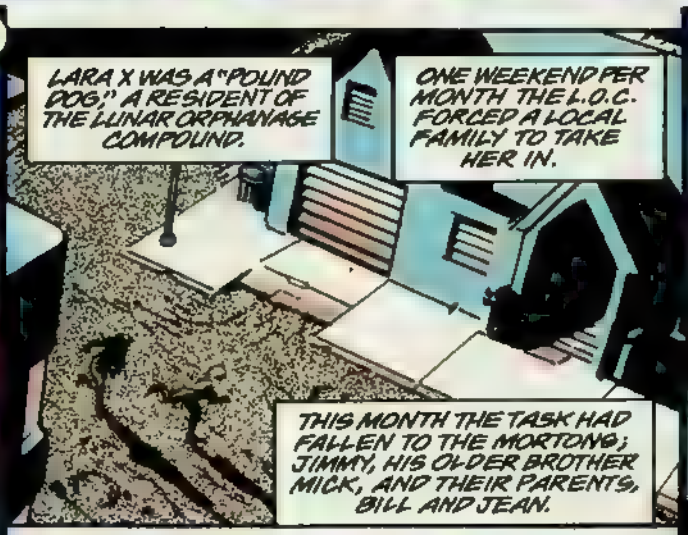
NOW LET ME ASK YOU SOMETHING, JIMMY.

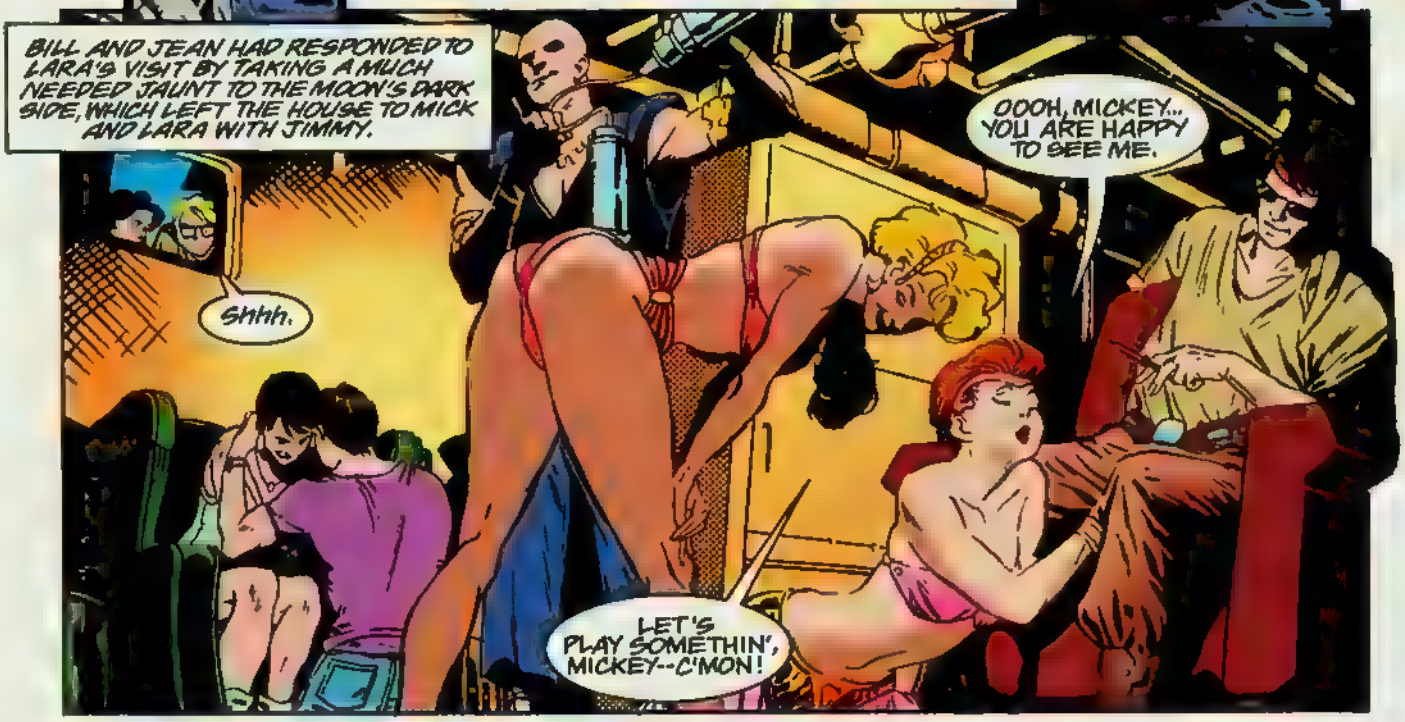

WHAT?

DO YOU THINK THERE'S LIFE UP THERE?

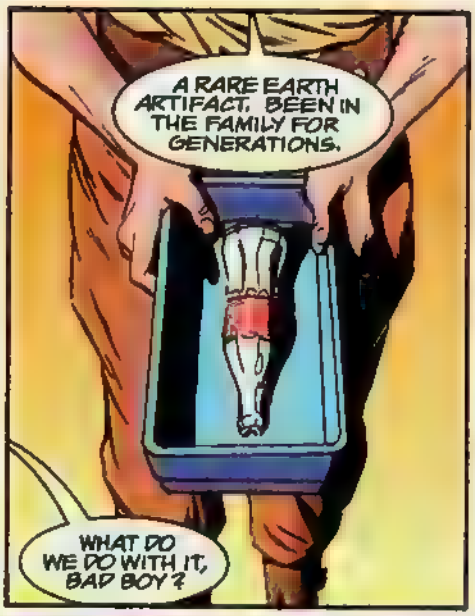
ON EARTH? NAH...NO WAY.

C'MON, LARA. I KNOW SOMETHIN' FUN WE CAN DO.

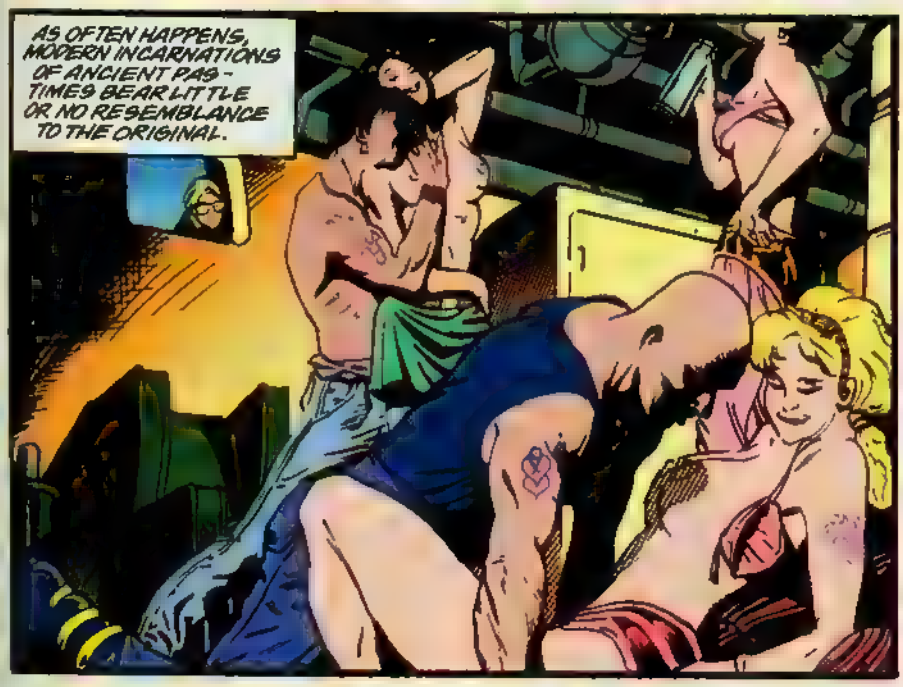

LARA X WAS A "POUND DOG," A RESIDENT OF THE LUNAR ORPHANAGE COMPOUND.
ONE WEEKEND PER MONTH THE L.O.C. FORCED A LOCAL FAMILY TO TAKE HER IN.
THIS MONTH THE TASK HAD FALLEN TO THE MORTONS; JIMMY, HIS OLDER BROTHER MICK, AND THEIR PARENTS, BILL AND JEAN.

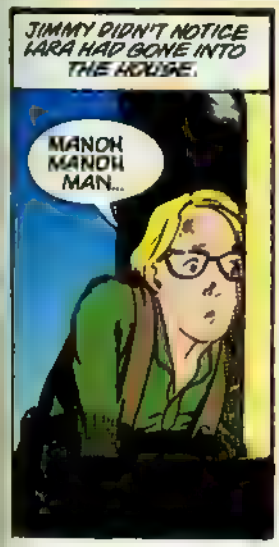

BILL AND JEAN HAD RESPONDED TO LARA'S VISIT BY TAKING A MUCH NEEDED JAUNT TO THE MOON'S DARK SIDE, WHICH LEFT THE HOUSE TO MICK AND LARA WITH JIMMY.
OOOH, MICKEY... YOU ARE HAPPY TO SEE ME.
Shhh.
LET'S PLAY SOMETHIN', MICKEY--C'MON!

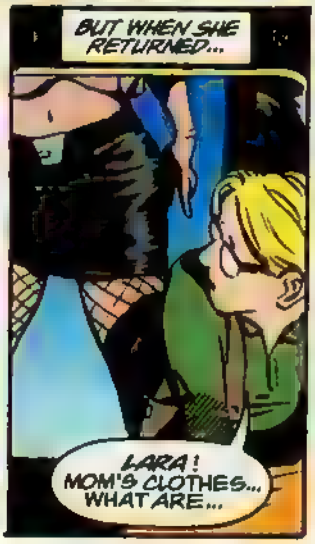
I'VE GOT JUST THE THING.

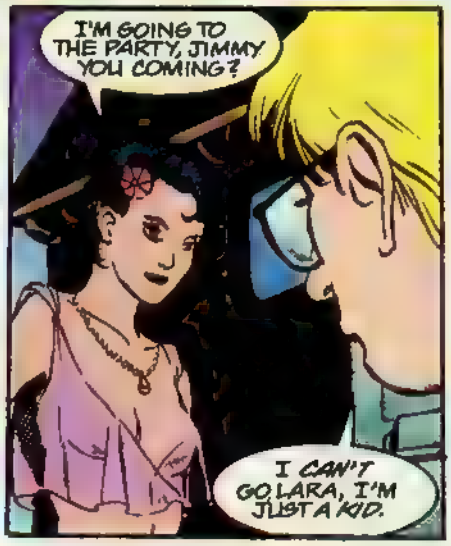

A RARE EARTH ARTIFACT. BEEN IN THE FAMILY FOR GENERATIONS.
WHAT DO WE DO WITH IT, BAD BOY?

WE SPIN IT.


AS OFTEN HAPPENS, MODERN INCARNATIONS OF ANCIENT PAS-TIMES BEAR LITTLE OR NO RESEMBLANCE TO THE ORIGINAL.

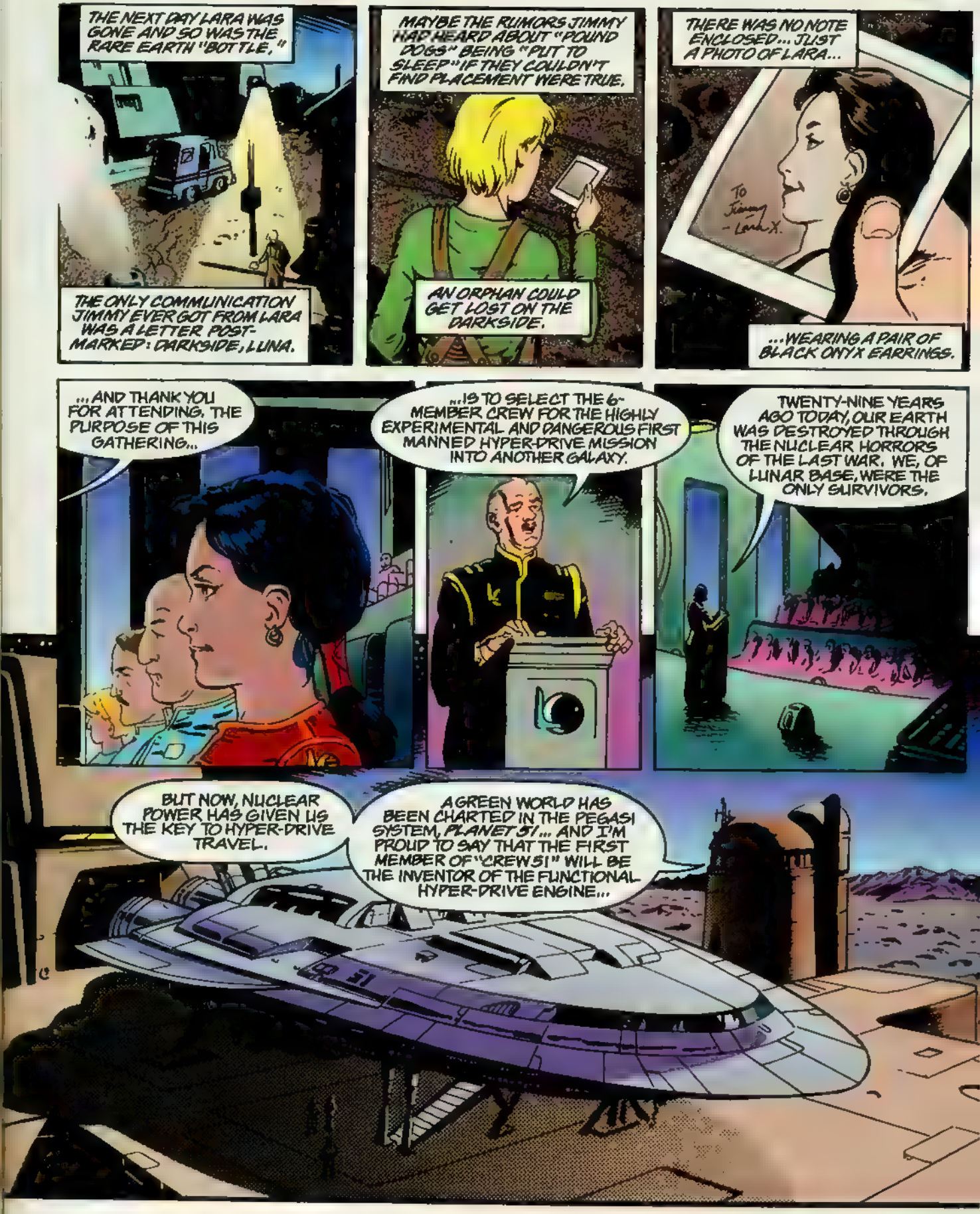

JIMMY DIDN'T NOTICE LARA HAD GONE INTO THE HOUSE.
MANOH MANOH MAN...

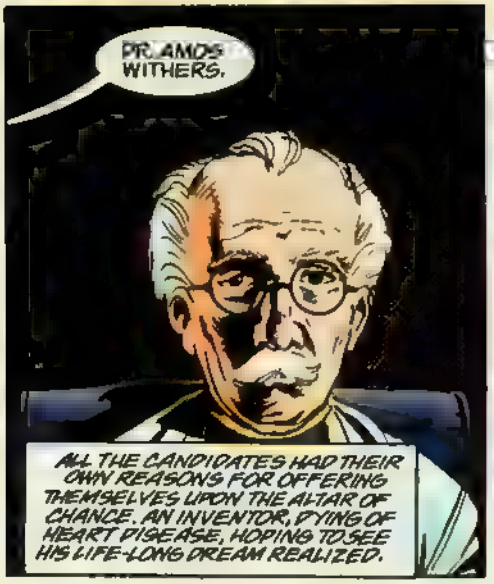

BUT WHEN SHE RETURNED...
LARA! MOM'S CLOTHES... WHAT ARE...


I'M GOING TO THE PARTY, JIMMY YOU COMING?
I CAN'T GO LARA, I'M JUST A KID.

WELL, I WAS NEVER A KID.

BZZZZZZ
WHAT THE HELL?
LARA?
CAN I PLAY?
DEFINITELY!
FASTER, FASTER, PUSSY CAT!
OH YEAH... DO IT.
CLIK


THE NEXT DAY LARA WAS GONE AND SO WAS THE RARE EARTH "BOTTLE."
THE ONLY COMMUNICATION JIMMY EVER GOT FROM LARA WAS A LETTER POST-MARKED: DARKSIDE, LUNA.
MAYBE THE RUMORS JIMMY HAD HEARD ABOUT "POUND DOGS" BEING "PUT TO SLEEP" IF THEY COULDN'T FIND PLACEMENT WERE TRUE.
AN ORPHAN COULD GET LOST ON THE DARKSIDE.
THERE WAS NO NOTE ENCLOSED... JUST A PHOTO OF LARA...
To Jimmy - Lara X.
...WEARING A PAIR OF BLACK ONYX EARRINGS.
...AND THANK YOU FOR ATTENDING. THE PURPOSE OF THIS GATHERING...
...IS TO SELECT THE 6-MEMBER CREW FOR THE HIGHLY EXPERIMENTAL AND DANGEROUS FIRST MANNED HYPER-DRIVE MISSION INTO ANOTHER GALAXY.
TWENTY-NINE YEARS AGO TODAY, OUR EARTH WAS DESTROYED THROUGH THE NUCLEAR HORRORS OF THE LAST WAR. WE, OF LUNAR BASE, WERE THE ONLY SURVIVORS.
BUT NOW, NUCLEAR POWER HAS GIVEN US THE KEY TO HYPER-DRIVE TRAVEL.
A GREEN WORLD HAS BEEN CHARTED IN THE PEGASI SYSTEM, PLANET 51... AND I'M PROUD TO SAY THAT THE FIRST MEMBER OF "CREW 51" WILL BE THE INVENTOR OF THE FUNCTIONAL HYPER-DRIVE ENGINE...


DR. AMOS WITHERS.
ALL THE CANDIDATES HAD THEIR OWN REASONS FOR OFFERING THEMSELVES UPON THE ALTAR OF CHANCE. AN INVENTOR, DYING OF HEART DISEASE, HOPING TO SEE HIS LIFE-LONG DREAM REALIZED.

CAPTAIN SID BLACK.
...A FORMER NAVAL COMMANDER WHO HAD LOST HIS FIRST SHIP AND ALL HANDS ABOARD.

ENGINEERS RALPH HANNA AND NICHOLAUS BUCKMAN...
...EX-CONS HOPING TO HAVE THEIR RECORDS WIPED CLEAN.

SHIP'S DOCTOR FRANCIS HERBERT...
...A PHYSICIAN WHO HAD PRESCRIBED FOR HIMSELF MORE OFTEN THAN HIS PATIENTS...

...AND THE FINAL CANDIDATE SELECTED... BAHEME ...IS...

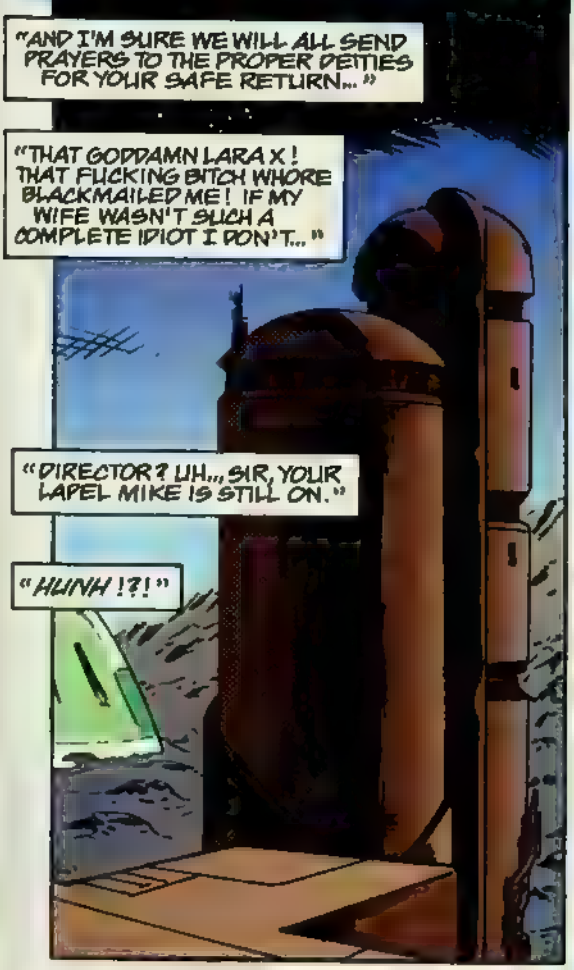
THE DIRECTOR'S THROAT CONSTRICTED ON THE NAME HE DIDN'T WANT TO SAY. WHY HAD HE DONE IT?

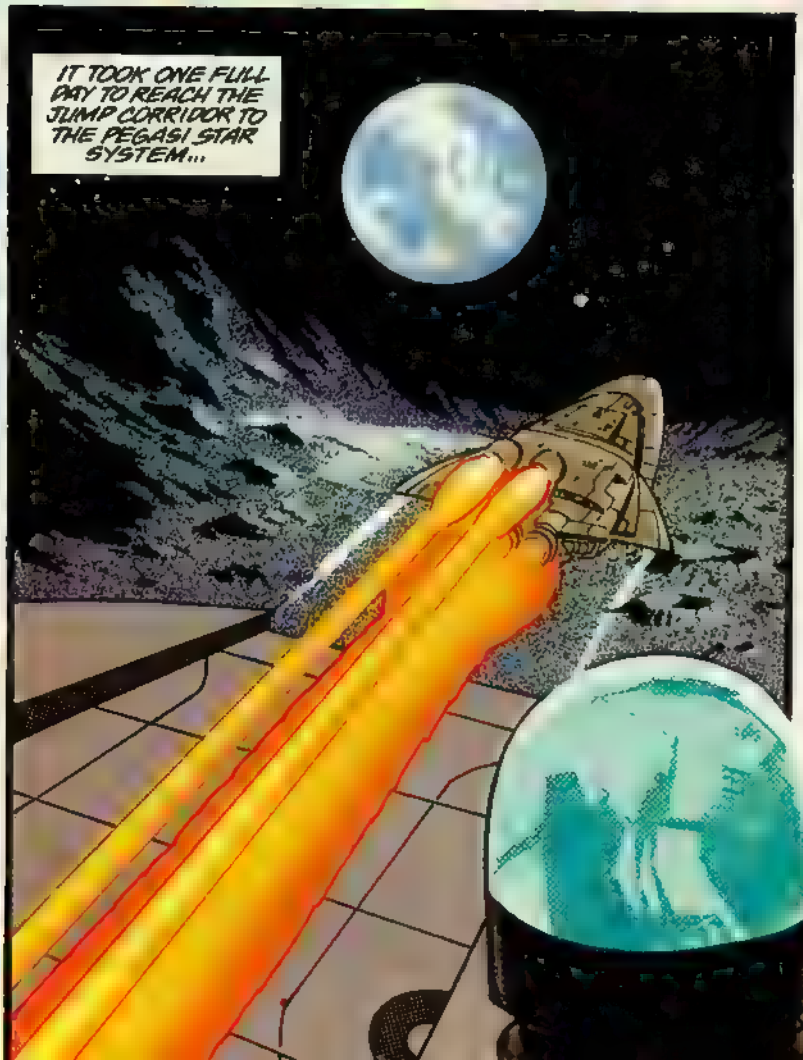
THE PREVIOUS NIGHT...
OH, LIONEL, YOU'RE TOO BIG... IT'S TOO MUCH.
COME ON, BABY... STRAP YOUR LEGS ACROSS MY ENGINE...

WHAT'S THAT ? A FUCKING RECORDER ??
YEAH, I'M GONNA DO A NON STOP ON YOU, CHOO-CHOO...

...THE FINAL CANDIDATE SELECTED IS...
X LAB

LARA X, RADIATION TECHNICIAN, CONGRATULATIONS AND GOOD LUCK, CREW 51...


"AND I'M SURE WE WILL ALL SEND PRAYERS TO THE PROPER DEITIES FOR YOUR SAFE RETURN..."
"THAT GODDAMN LARA X ! THAT FUCKING BITCH WHORE BLACKMAILED ME ! IF MY WIFE WASN'T SUCH A COMPLETE IDIOT I DON'T..."
"DIRECTOR ? UH... SIR, YOUR LAPEL MIKE IS STILL ON."
"HUNH !?!"


IT TOOK ONE FULL DAY TO REACH THE JUMP CORRIDOR TO THE PEGASI STAR SYSTEM...

LARA HAD SPENT THE LAST WEEK IN INTERSTELLAR TRAINING UNDER CLOSE OFFICIAL SCRUTINY.

OH, CAPTAIN BLACK... OR MAY I CALL YOU SID?

SHE WAS RAVENOUS.

YOU KNOW, SID... LUNAR COMMAND HAD ANOTHER REASON FOR SENDING A FEMALE CREW MEMBER ALONG.

IF WE DON'T GET BACK, I'M THE BREEDER...

WE START OVER ON PLANET 51, SID.

SID... I'M FRIGHTENED. HOLD ME TIGHTER, KISS ME!

BABY...

THE SHIP'S DOCTOR OBSERVED WITH SOMETHING LESS THAN CLINICAL DETACHMENT AS LARA MADE HER "ROUNDS."

OH, NO... NOT THEM!

YOU KNOW, RALPH... NICKY... THERE'S A REASON WHY LUNAR COMMAND...

YOU THINKIN' WHAT I'M THINKIN', NICKY?

SHIT MAN, I HOPE WE NEVER GET BACK!

GAME OF CHESS, DOCTOR?
NO THANK YOU, DOCTOR.
THE HYPER-JUMP WAS JOLTING BUT THE SHIP HELD TOGETHER. THE ONLY CASUALTY WAS AMOS WITHER'S HEART, WHICH HAD TO BE RESTARTED—TWICE!
THAT NIGHT, TOUCH-DOWN ON THE PROMISING "GREEN" WORLD OF PLANET 51 WAS CONSIDERABLY LESS EXHILARATING...
HEY, DOC! AM I COMPLETELY BUG-FUCK OR ARE WE ON THE RIGHT GODDAMN PLANET?
I'M AFRAID SO, NICHOLAUS. THE NEXT POSSIBLE EARTH-TYPE PLANET IS IN THE 70 VIRGINIS SYSTEM--59 MILLION LIGHT YEARS FROM HERE.
WE'RE ON A STRICT TIME-LINE, PEOPLE. LET'S BREAK OUT THE ROVERS AND COVER A 20-KILOMETER RADIUS--BE BACK HERE AT 1400 HOURS.

THE CREW BEGAN THEIR DOLEFUL EXPLORATIONS IN PAIRS. FRANCIS HERBERT DREW RALPH, THE BURLY ENGINEER, FOR A PARTNER... THE OLD SCIENTIST RODE WITH LARA...

I GOTTA TELL YA, FRANCIS, OUR LITTLE MISS LARA X IS ONE HELL CAT IN THE SACK! BUT I GUESS YOU WOULDN'T KNOW ABOUT THAT... ANYWAY, AND WHEN SHE GRABBED MY...

AMOS WITHERS WONDERED ABOUT THE MYSTERIOUS GIRL. HE KNEW THE "X" DESIGNATION MEANT SHE WAS AN ORPHAN AND COULD ONLY GUESS AT THE MISERY THAT IMPLIED.

HE FORCED HIMSELF TO RETURN TO THE MISSION AT HAND.

SO, MISS X, AM I CORRECT IN ASSUMING THE SOIL IN THIS AREA IS RADIOACTIVE?

IT'S VERY "HOT," DOCTOR WITHERS, BUT NOT ON THE SURFACE--I GET READINGS STARTING AT 10 METERS DOWN.

AND THE AIR IS UNCONTAMINATED... WHICH SUGGESTS A CALAMITY SIMILAR TO THE ONE THAT BEFELL OUR EARTH STRUCK HERE... BUT LONG AGO. WOULD YOU AGREE, MISS X?

MISS X?

THE THING HAD APPARENTLY EMERGED FROM UNDERGROUND, BUT UPON SEEING THE DOCTOR IT HAD FROZEN...

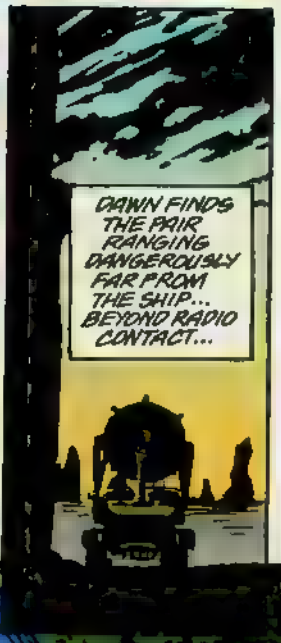
DOC-- DON'T MOVE...

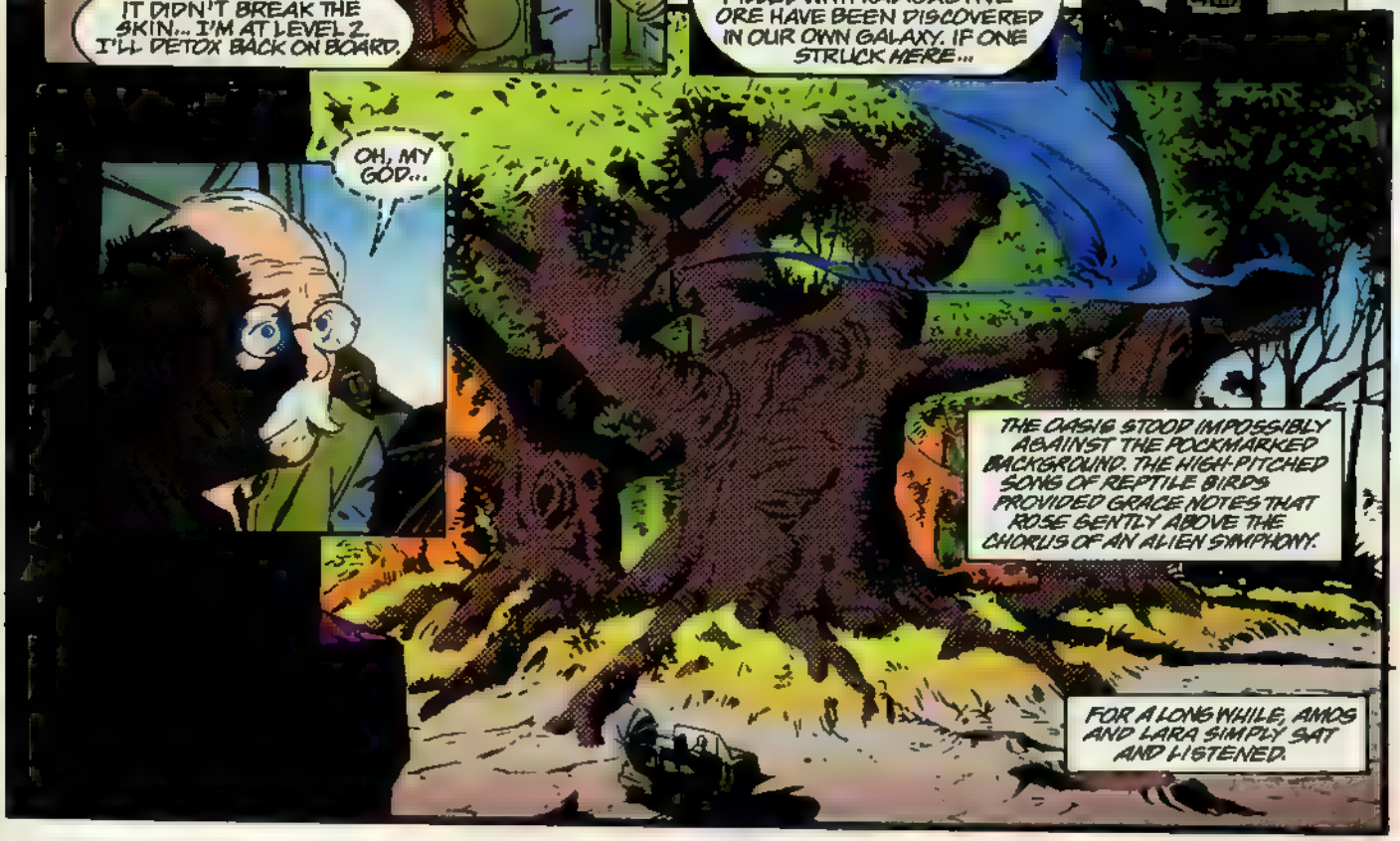
IT WAS A BURROWER THAT RARELY SURFACED. THE FLASHLIGHT HELD IT MESMERIZED...

... JUST LONG ENOUGH.
ZZZRACCKK!

DEAR GIRL... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT ?
I'M OKAY, DOC... IT DIDN'T BREAK THE SKIN... I'M AT LEVEL 2. I'LL DETOX BACK ON BOARD.

THE ANIMAL IS OBVIOUSLY A MUTANT--NOTE THE BOILS AND PUSTULES. SOME COMETS AND ASTEROIDS FILLED WITH RADIOACTIVE ORE HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED IN OUR OWN GALAXY. IF ONE STRUCK HERE...

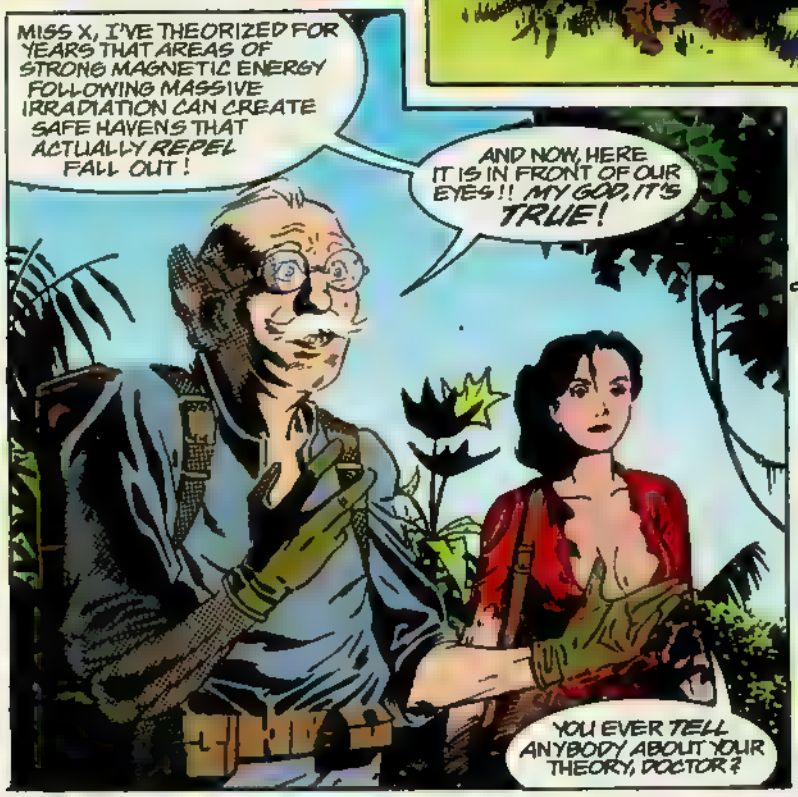

DAWN FINDS THE PAIR RANGING DANGEROUSLY FAR FROM THE SHIP... BEYOND RADIO CONTACT...


OH, MY GOD...
THE OASIS STOOD IMPOSSIBLY AGAINST THE POCKMARKED BACKGROUND. THE HIGH-PITCHED SONG OF REPTILE BIRDS PROVIDED GRACE NOTES THAT ROSE GENTLY ABOVE THE CHORUS OF AN ALIEN SYMPHONY.
FOR A LONG WHILE, AMOS AND LARA SIMPLY SAT AND LISTENED.

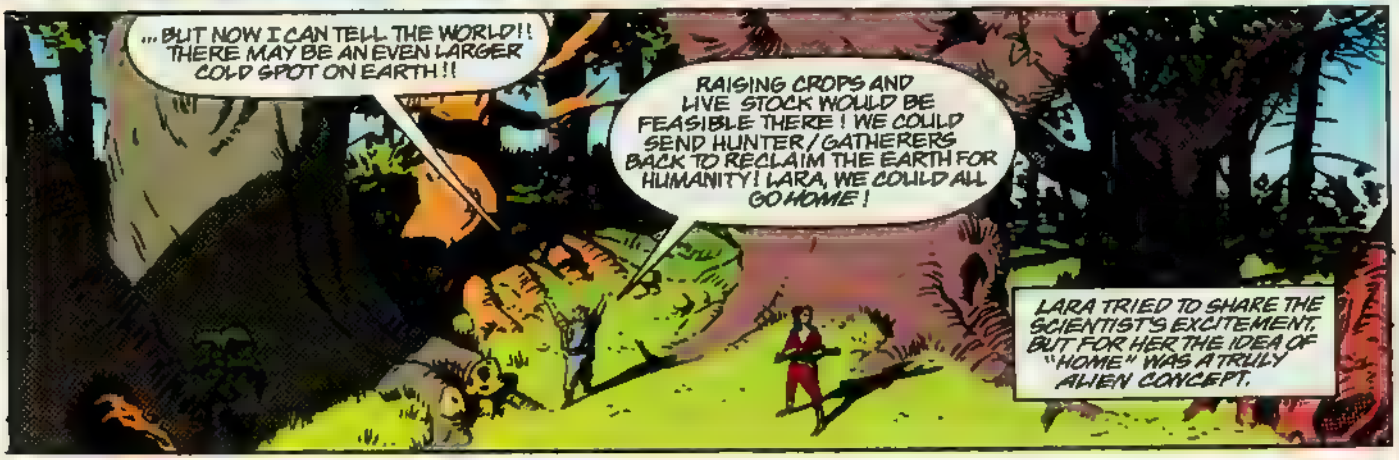
A "COLD" SPOT... AN ACTUAL SPOT!
COLD? ARE YOU KIDDING? IT MUST BE 90 DEGREES OUT HERE.

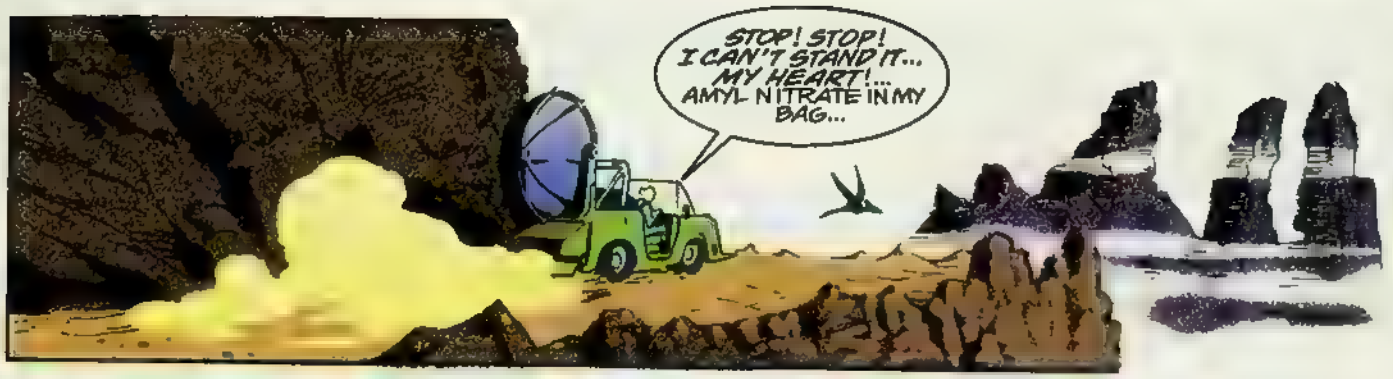
NO, NO... YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! THIS IS A "COLD" SPOT... AN AREA FREE OF RADIOACTIVITY... CHECK THE SOIL, MISS X. YOU'LL FIND IT IS COMPLETELY CLEAN!

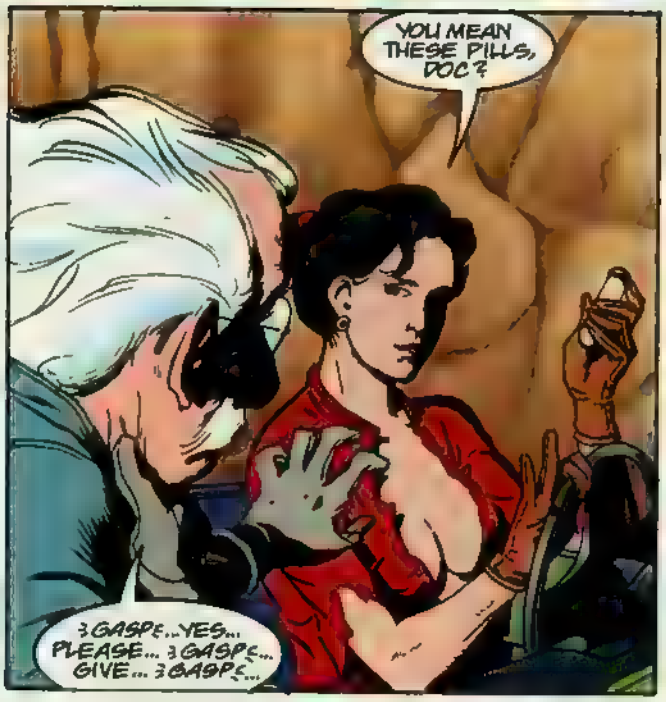
AND LOOK! THE ANIMALIA IS FREE OF THE BOILS AND PUSTULES THAT MARK THE MUTATION!


MISS X, I'VE THEORIZED FOR YEARS THAT AREAS OF STRONG MAGNETIC ENERGY FOLLOWING MASSIVE IRRADIATION CAN CREATE SAFE HAVENS THAT ACTUALLY REPEL FALL OUT!
AND NOW, HERE IT IS IN FRONT OF OUR EYES!! MY GOD, IT'S TRUE!
YOU EVER TELL ANYBODY ABOUT YOUR THEORY, DOCTOR?

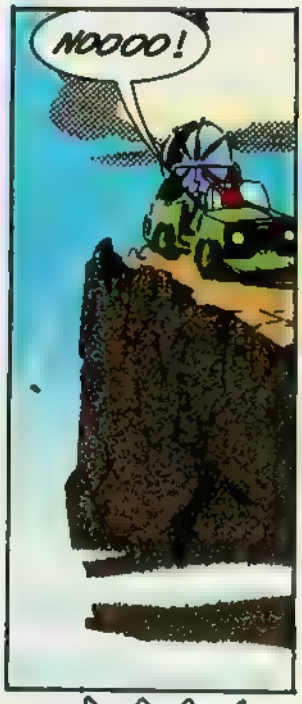
NO! NO! MY HYPER-DRIVE TRAVEL IS STILL CONSIDERED THEORETICAL RAVING BY MOST OF THE SCIENTIFIC COMMUNITY...


...BUT NOW I CAN TELL THE WORLD!! THERE MAY BE AN EVEN LARGER COLD SPOT ON EARTH!!
RAISING CROPS AND LIVE STOCK WOULD BE FEASIBLE THERE! WE COULD SEND HUNTER/GATHERERS BACK TO RECLAIM THE EARTH FOR HUMANITY! LARA, WE COULD ALL GO HOME!
LARA TRIED TO SHARE THE SCIENTIST'S EXCITEMENT, BUT FOR HER THE IDEA OF "HOME" WAS A TRULY ALIEN CONCEPT.


STOP! STOP! I CAN'T STAND IT... MY HEART!... AMYL NITRATE IN MY BAG...


YOU MEAN THESE PILLS, DOC?
GASPS...YES... PLEASE... GASPS... GIVE... GASPS...

SORRY, DOC. ALL GONE!


NOOOO!

LET GO OF ME, YOU OLD BASTARD!

CLIK
AUTO 1

VROOOOOM

EEYAII!

SCHWOOM

TWO HOURS LATER, LARA RADIOED THE SHIP FOR RESCUE. HER ALIBI HAD BEEN CAREFULLY CONSTRUCTED.
LARA!
THANK GOD! I WAS WORRIED ABOUT YOU AND AMOS...ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

AMOS DRIVING... ATTACKED BY ALIEN THINGS...HORRIBLE...
...ALL OVER AMOS... HE PUSHED ME OUT...

...DROVE OVER CLIFF... SAVED ME. POOR AMOS... OH, GOD...
IT'S ALRIGHT. YOU'RE SAFE NOW.

...I WAS LOST...BUT I DISCOVERED SOMETHING... INCREDIBLE...
...OH, I'M FAINTING... HOLD ME.

AS THEY DROVE BACK TO THE SHIP, DR. FRANCIS HERBERT RUMINATED ON THE WONDROUS CREATURE BESIDE HIM. SO BEAUTIFUL AND COURAGEOUS ...AND YET, SO HELPLESS.

AT THAT MOMENT, THE REALIZATION CAME...
HE HAD FALLEN IN LOVE...

...WITH AN ANGEL.

THE SURVIVING MEMBERS OF CREW 51 TORE A RAGGED HOLE IN THE PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE.

THEY FELT BOTH ELATED AND CURSED.

THE OLD MAN'S BODY HAD BEEN STASHED AWAY IN THE SHIP'S MEDICAL BAY AND HER CREW BUSIED ITSELF WITH FLIGHT PROCEDURES FOR THE IMMINENT RETURN TO LUNAR BASE...

...WITH ONE EXCEPTION.

SHIP'S DOCTOR, FRANCIS HERBERT, POSTPONED THE DREADED AUTOPSY OF HIS FRIEND, AMOS WITHERS.

INSTEAD, HE RETIRED TO THE SHIP'S COMPUTER IN PURSUIT OF A POWERFUL NEW OBSESSION...

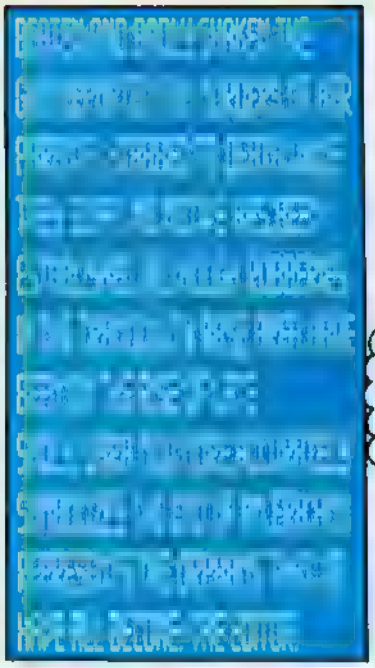
...THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE ALLURING LARA X.

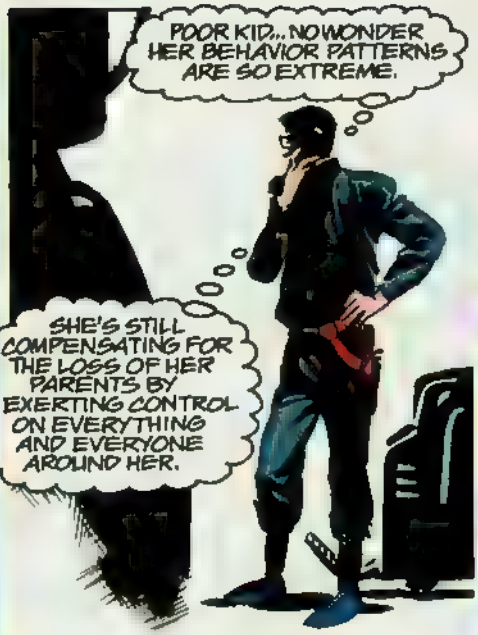
FRANCIS KNEW THE "X" DESIGNATION MEANT LARA WAS AN ORPHAN. MANY RESIDENTS OF THE L.O.C. KEPT ONLY THE FIRST LETTERS OF THEIR FAMILY NAMES, PREFERRING TO DISTANCE THEMSELVES FROM PARENTS WHO HAD ABANDONED THEM...

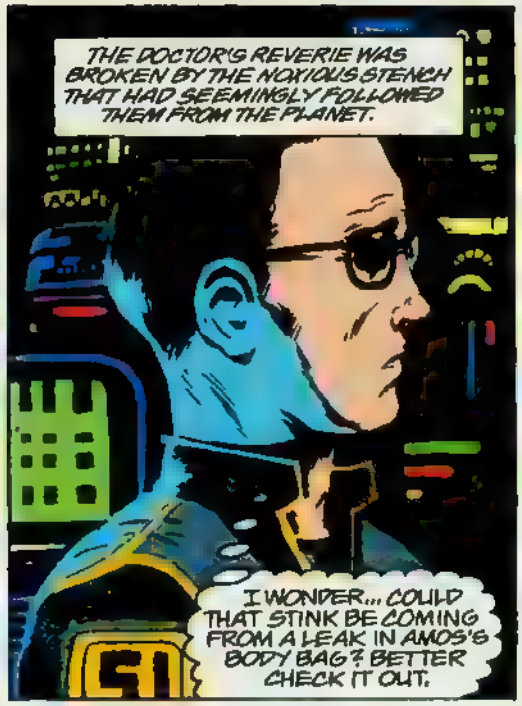
...BUT HAD SHE BEEN ABANDONED?

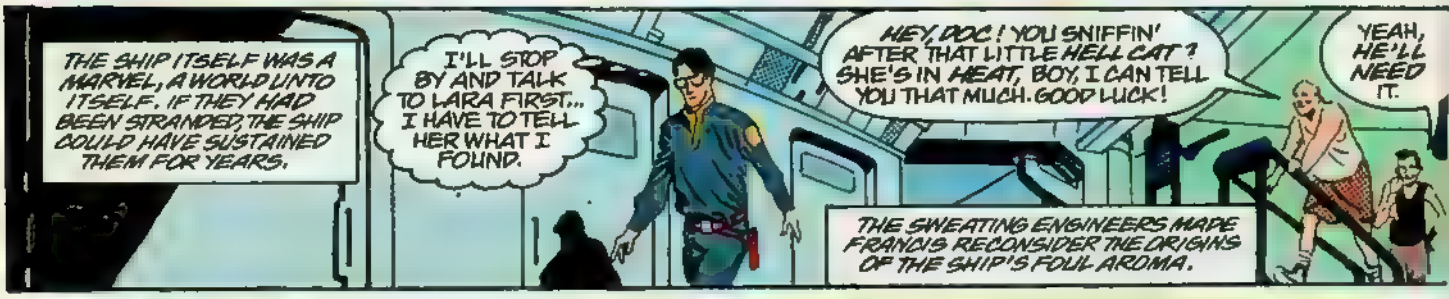
FROM LUNAR TIMES

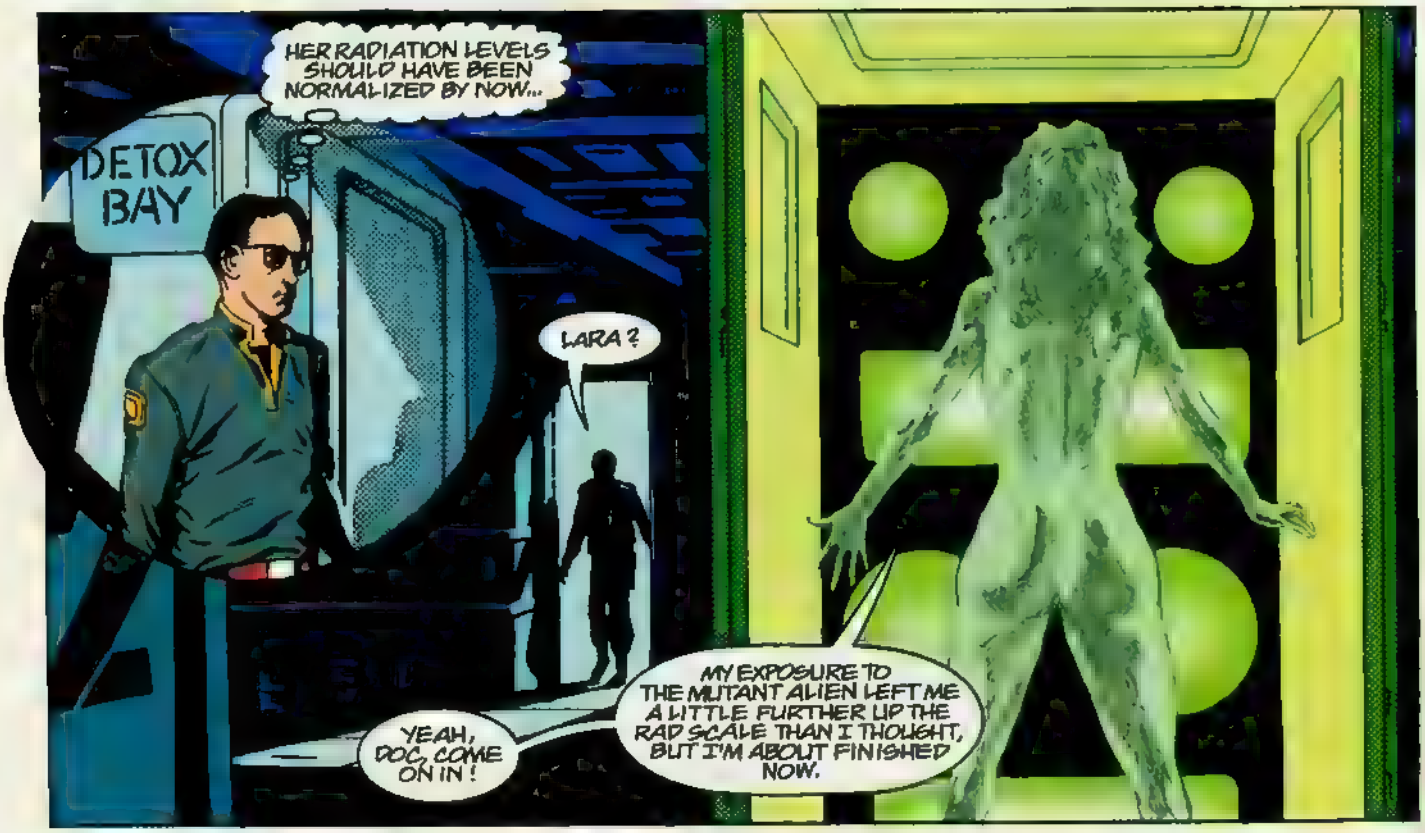
2040




POOR KID... NO WONDER HER BEHAVIOR PATTERNS ARE SO EXTREME.
SHE'S STILL COMPENSATING FOR THE LOSS OF HER PARENTS BY EXERTING CONTROL ON EVERYTHING AND EVERYONE AROUND HER.


THE DOCTOR'S REVERIE WAS BROKEN BY THE NOXIOUS STENCH THAT HAD SEEMINGLY FOLLOWED THEM FROM THE PLANET.
I WONDER... COULD THAT STINK BE COMING FROM A LEAK IN AMOS'S BODY BAG? BETTER CHECK IT OUT.


THE SHIP ITSELF WAS A MARVEL, A WORLD UNTO ITSELF. IF THEY HAD BEEN STRANDED, THE SHIP COULD HAVE SUSTAINED THEM FOR YEARS.
I'LL STOP BY AND TALK TO LARA FIRST... I HAVE TO TELL HER WHAT I FOUND.
HEY, DOC! YOU SNIFFIN' AFTER THAT LITTLE HELL CAT? SHE'S IN HEAT, BOY, I CAN TELL YOU THAT MUCH. GOOD LUCK!
YEAH, HE'LL NEED IT.
THE SWEATING ENGINEERS MADE FRANCIS RECONSIDER THE ORIGINS OF THE SHIP'S FOUL AROMA.


HER RADIATION LEVELS SHOULD HAVE BEEN NORMALIZED BY NOW...
DETOX BAY
LARA?
YEAH, DOC, COME ON IN!
MY EXPOSURE TO THE MUTANT ALIEN LEFT ME A LITTLE FURTHER UP THE RAD SCALE THAN I THOUGHT, BUT I'M ABOUT FINISHED NOW.

SOON...

LARA, BACK ON THE PLANET, YOU SAID THAT YOU AND AMOS WERE ATTACKED IN THE LAND ROVER BY AN ALIEN CREATURE...

... AND THAT AMOS GALLANTLY SHOVED YOU OUT AND DROVE OVER THE CLIFF. WE NEVER FOUND AN ALIEN BODY IN THE WRECKAGE...

THE CREATURE MUST HAVE SURVIVED THE CRASH, DOC.

YOU THEN WANDERED THROUGH THE HILLS AND FOUND THE OASIS WHICH PROVES THAT RADIATION FREE "COLD SPOTS" EXIST ON BURNED-OUT WORLDS.

MANKIND MAY BE ABLE TO RETURN TO THE EARTH IF A SIMILAR SPOT IS FOUND THERE.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY, LARA... WHICH SHOULD FURTHER YOUR CAREER CONSIDERABLY... ONE THING BOTHERS ME, THOUGH. IT'S SOMETHING I RETRIEVED FROM AMOS'S HAND WHEN WE RECOVERED THE BODY...

...ONE OF YOUR EARRINGS.

I'LL HANG ON TO IT FOR NOW. I NEED TO RUN SOME TESTS ON THE BLOOD WE FOUND ON AMOS'S FINGER...

...I HOPE IT'S NOT YOUR BLOOD, LARA.

DO YOU STILL HAVE IT, FRANCIS? WILL YOU GIVE IT TO ME?

OF COURSE IT'S NOT MINE, FRANCIS, WHAT DO YOU THINK... THAT I MURDERED A HELPLESS, OLD MAN?

"HELPLESS"? I THOUGHT HE SAVED YOUR LIFE?

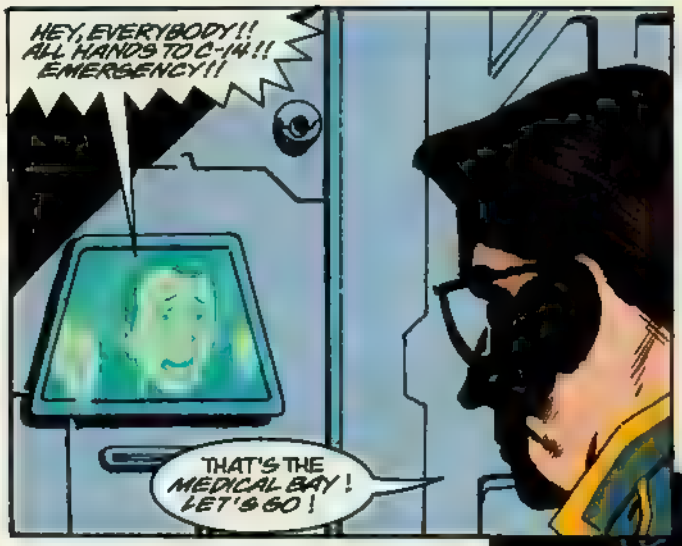
OH, I'M SO CONFUSED, FRANCIS... I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING. I KEEP SEEING THAT HORRIBLE CREATURE.

BUT I DO KNOW THAT I NEED YOU, FRANCIS, AND THAT I WANT YOU MORE THAN I'VE EVER WANTED ANYONE.

I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU, FRANCIS.

PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME... I WANT TO BE YOURS FOREVER!

...MARRY ME, FRANCIS.

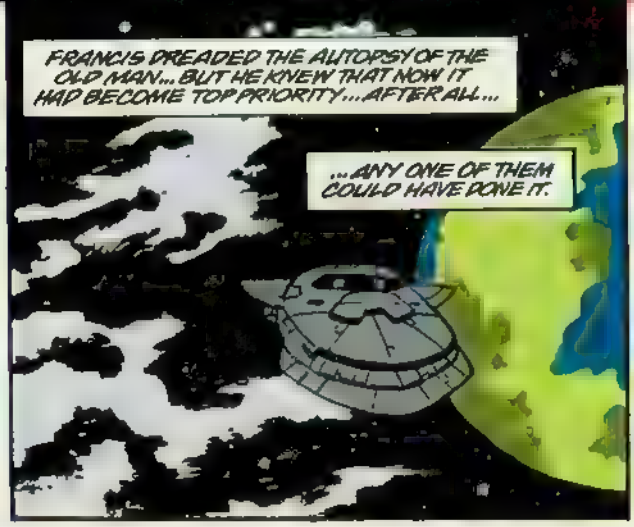

HEY, EVERYBODY!! ALL HANDS TO C-14!! EMERGENCY!!
THAT'S THE MEDICAL BAY! LET'S GO!

CAPTAIN BLACK WAS ALREADY IN THE CORRIDOR AND FRANCIS HEARD RALPH'S HEAVY FOOTSTEPS BRINGING UP THE REAR...

THE FOUL STENCH WAS OVERPOWERING...

MY GOD... AMOS... HE'S BEEN EVISCERATED!

CAPTAIN...I...I...I CAME IN TO CLEAN UP AND HE...HE WAS LIKE THAT!
OH, SHIT, WHAT'S GOING ON??


FRANCIS DREADED THE AUTOPSY OF THE OLD MAN... BUT HE KNEW THAT NOW IT HAD BECOME TOP PRIORITY...AFTER ALL...
...ANY ONE OF THEM COULD HAVE DONE IT.

LARA VOLUNTEERED TO ASSIST IN THE GRUESOME TASK. THE LASER SCALPEL SHOOK VIOLENTLY AS FRANCIS BRACED HIMSELF TO CONFRONT HER WITH HIS RISING SUSPICIONS...

YOU REALIZE, LARA, THAT WHOEVER DID THIS WAS TRYING TO DESTROY ANY EVIDENCE PERTAINING TO THE MURDER. BOTH HANDS ARE MISSING.

YOU BASTARD! YOU THINK I DID THIS, DON'T YOU?

GO SCREW YOURSELF, FRANCIS!

I WOULDN'T MARRY YOU NOW, IF YOU WERE THE LAST MAN ON THE MOON!

ALMOST INSTANTLY, FRANCIS REGRETTED THE MANEUVER BUT HOW COULD HE IGNORE THE EVIDENCE?

HE WAS SWORN TO PROTECT HUMAN LIFE--NOT HARBOR POTENTIAL MURDERERS.

C-19

WHAT KIND OF AN IDIOT DOES SHE TAKE ME FOR?

I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HER...CLEAR MY HEAD.

THE STENCH IS STRONGER OUT HERE...BUT HOW...?

WHAT THE HELL? THAT LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF SLIME TRAIL.

PFAUGH! THIS IS IT! THIS IS CAUSING THE ODOR!

IT LEADS INTO C-18...

...BUT THAT CONNECTS TO THE MEDICAL BAY...

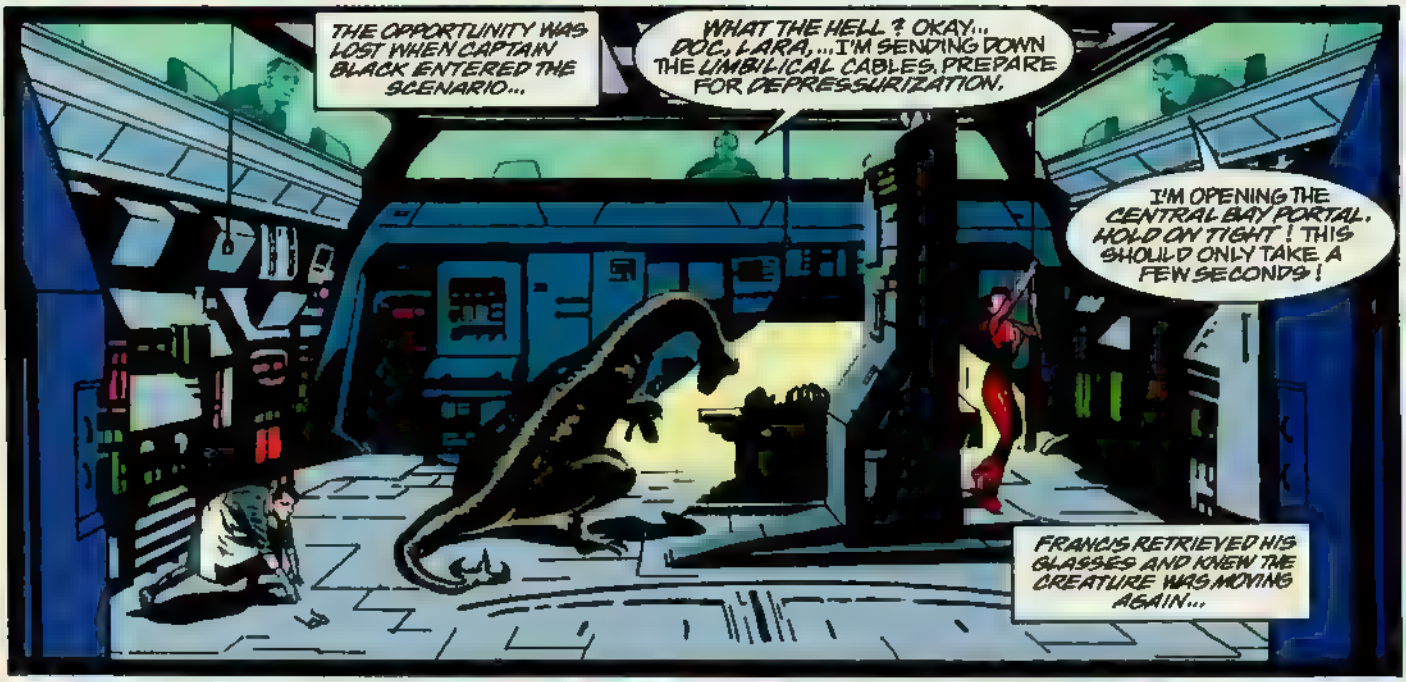
...OH, GOD...

LARA!

FRANCIS REELED FROM THE SIGHT. A STOWAWAY! IT MUST HAVE BOARDED WHILE THEY WERE EXPLORING THE PLANET...
...A LOW GURGLING HISS CAME FROM THE CREATURE'S DRIPPING MAW.
FRANCIS GRIPPED THE LASER SCALPEL TIGHTLY AND TRIED TO STAND ON QUIVERING LEGS.
I-I-LARA! ST-STAY WHERE YOU ARE! I'LL TR-TRY TO DISTRACT IT!

H-HEY! OVER HERE!
THE ALIEN PINNED FRANCIS TO THE FLOOR PLATING IN LESS THAN A SECOND...
...TWO OF THE TENDRIL HEADS RESTRAINED HIM...
...WHILE THE THIRD, THE DEVOURER, PREPARED TO FEAST ON ANYTHING THAT MOVED...
...OR VIBRATED.
PLAMM!
FRANCIS GROPED FOR HIS GLASSES, THANKFUL THAT THE SURGICAL ALLOY-BANDED GLOVES PROTECTED HIS HAND FROM THE EXPLOSION.
LARA COULDN'T TAKE THE CHANCE THAT SUCH A DANGEROUS FOE MIGHT SURVIVE... SHE HAD TO BE CERTAIN... TREMBLING, SHE STEPPED OUT...

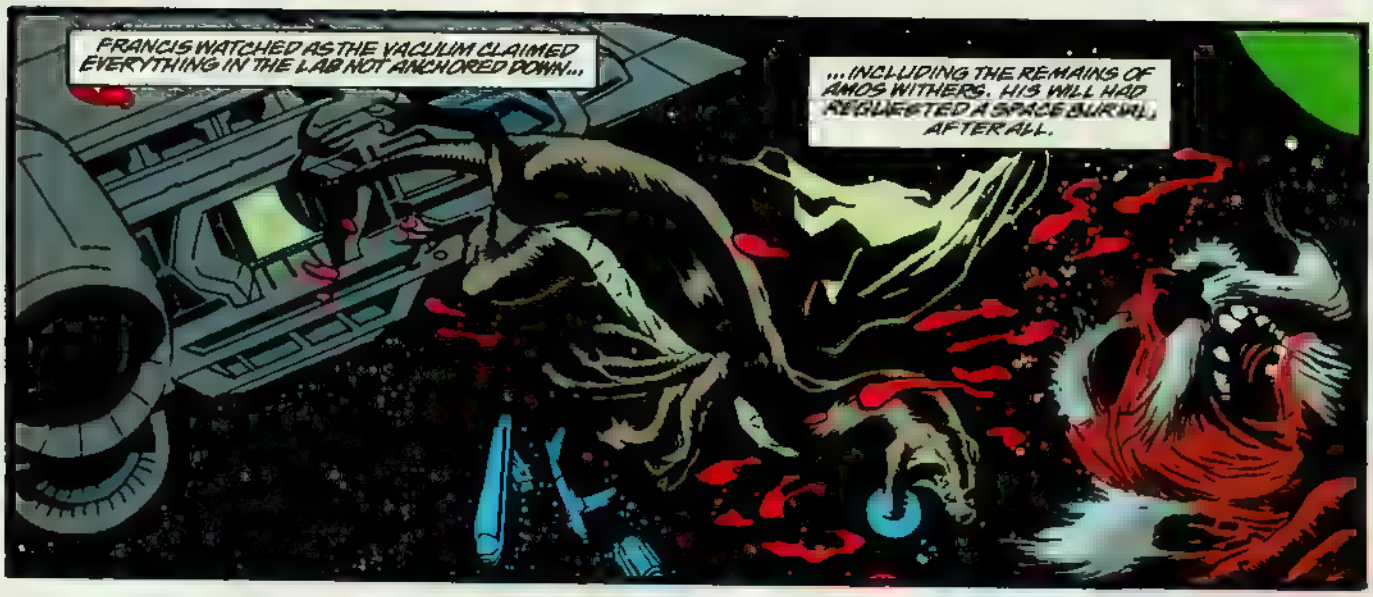
...AIMING FOR HIS HEAD.
HEY, LARA! WATCH OUT! YOU ALMOST HIT ME!
51


THE OPPORTUNITY WAS LOST WHEN CAPTAIN BLACK ENTERED THE SCENARIO...
WHAT THE HELL? OKAY... DOC, LARA,... I'M SENDING DOWN THE UMBILICAL CABLES. PREPARE FOR DEPRESSURIZATION.
I'M OPENING THE CENTRAL BAY PORTAL. HOLD ON TIGHT! THIS SHOULD ONLY TAKE A FEW SECONDS!
FRANCIS RETRIEVED HIS GLASSES AND KNEW THE CREATURE WAS MOVING AGAIN...

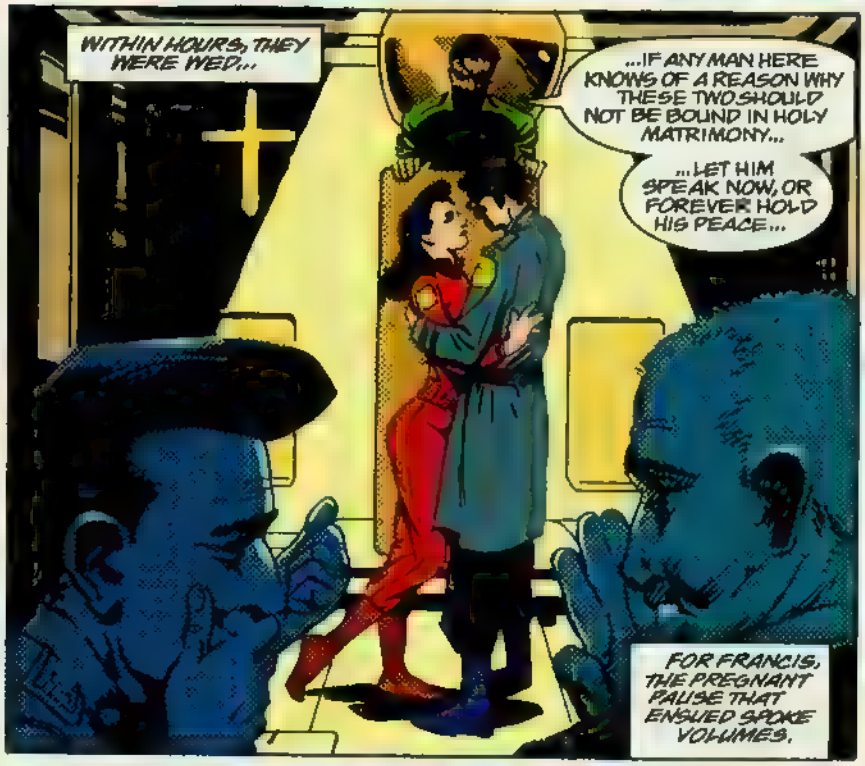
IT HAD USED THE REMAINING TENDRIL HEAD TO STANCH THE WOUND!

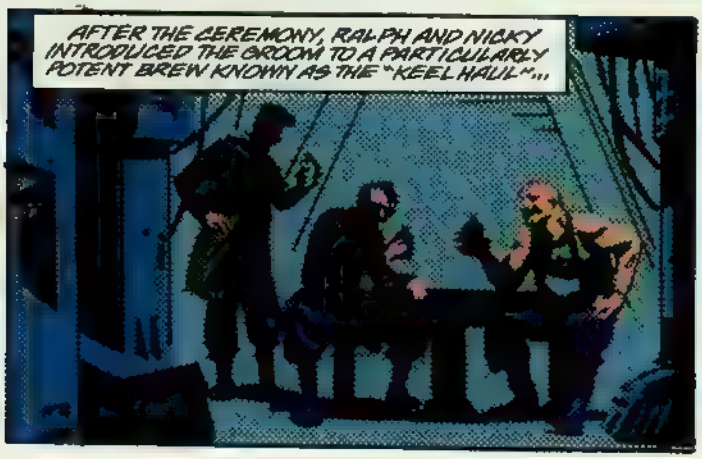
IT COULD STILL EAT!
FRANCIS HELD HIS BREATH... SOMEWHERE, SWITCHES WERE THROWN...

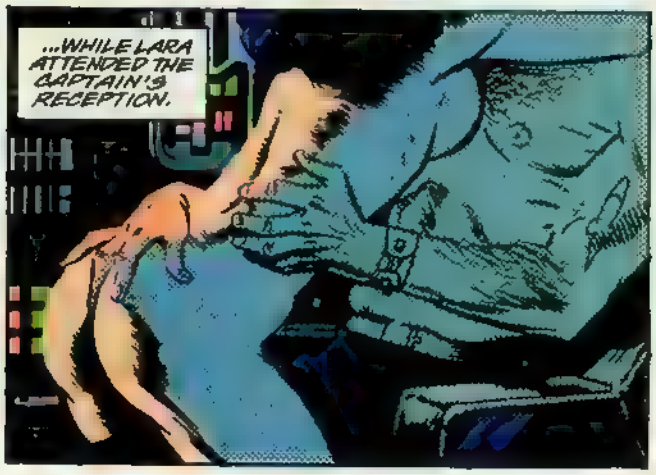
...AND THE CHAMBER WAS CONSUMED BY THE SILENT ROAR OF DEEP SPACE.

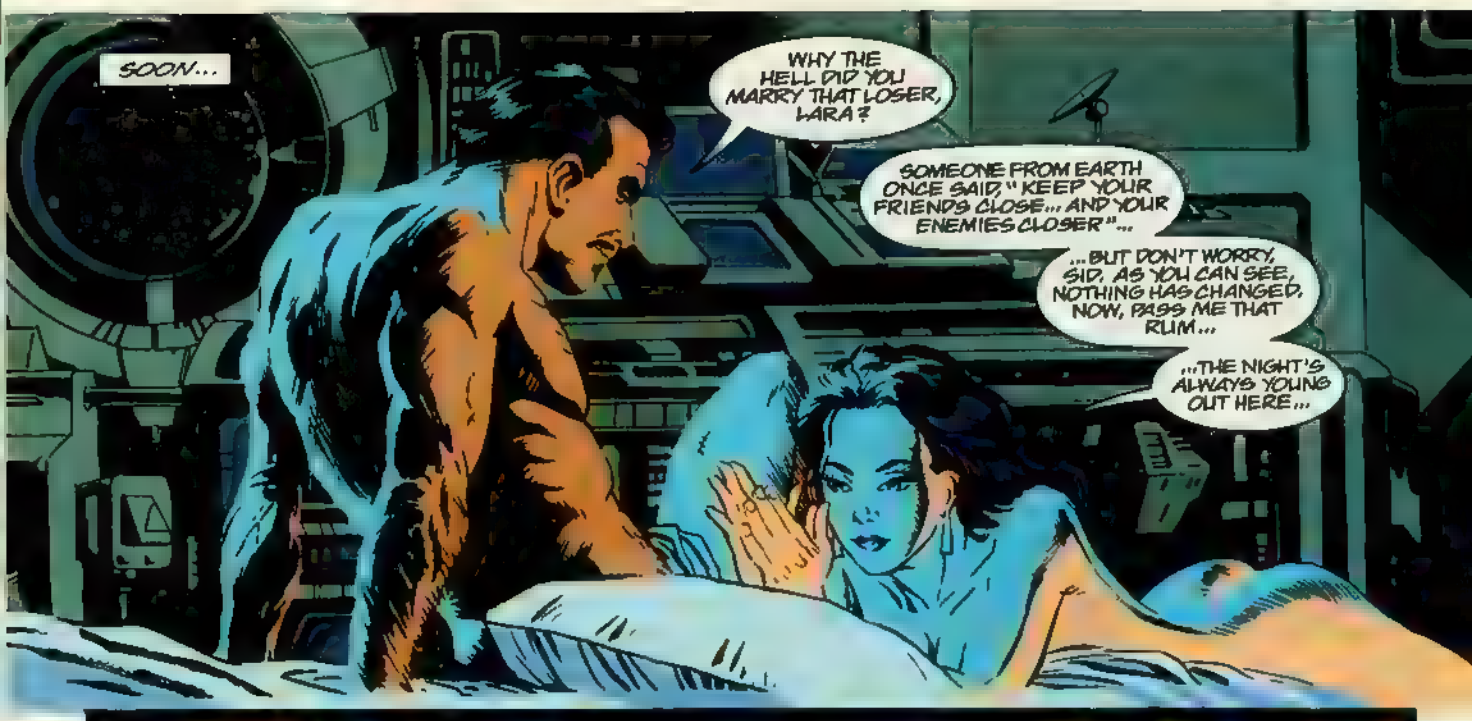

FRANCIS WATCHED AS THE VACUUM CLAIMED EVERYTHING IN THE LAB NOT ANCHORED DOWN...
...INCLUDING THE REMAINS OF AMOS WITHERS. HIS WILL HAD REQUESTED A SPACE BURIAL, AFTER ALL.

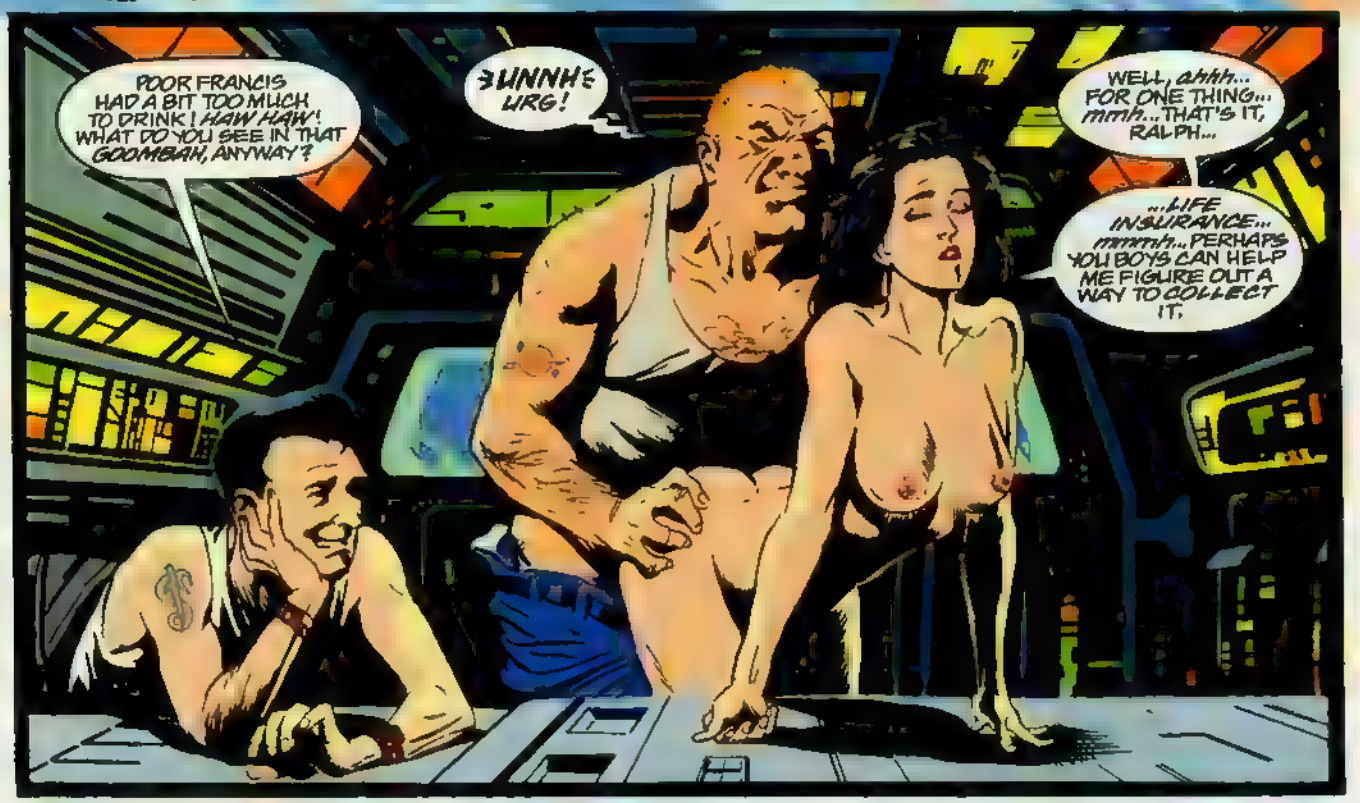
LARA BROKE DOWN, PLEADING WITH FRANCIS NOT TO LET HER GO...
...HOW COULD HE HAVE EVER DOUBTED HER?


WITHIN HOURS, THEY WERE WED...
...IF ANY MAN HERE KNOWS OF A REASON WHY THESE TWO SHOULD NOT BE BOUND IN HOLY MATRIMONY...
...LET HIM SPEAK NOW, OR FOREVER HOLD HIS PEACE...
FOR FRANCIS, THE PREGNANT PAUSE THAT ENSUED SPOKE VOLUMES.


AFTER THE CEREMONY, RALPH AND NICKY INTRODUCED THE GROOM TO A PARTICULARLY POTENT BREW KNOWN AS THE "KEEL HAUL"...


...WHILE LARA ATTENDED THE CAPTAIN'S RECEPTION.

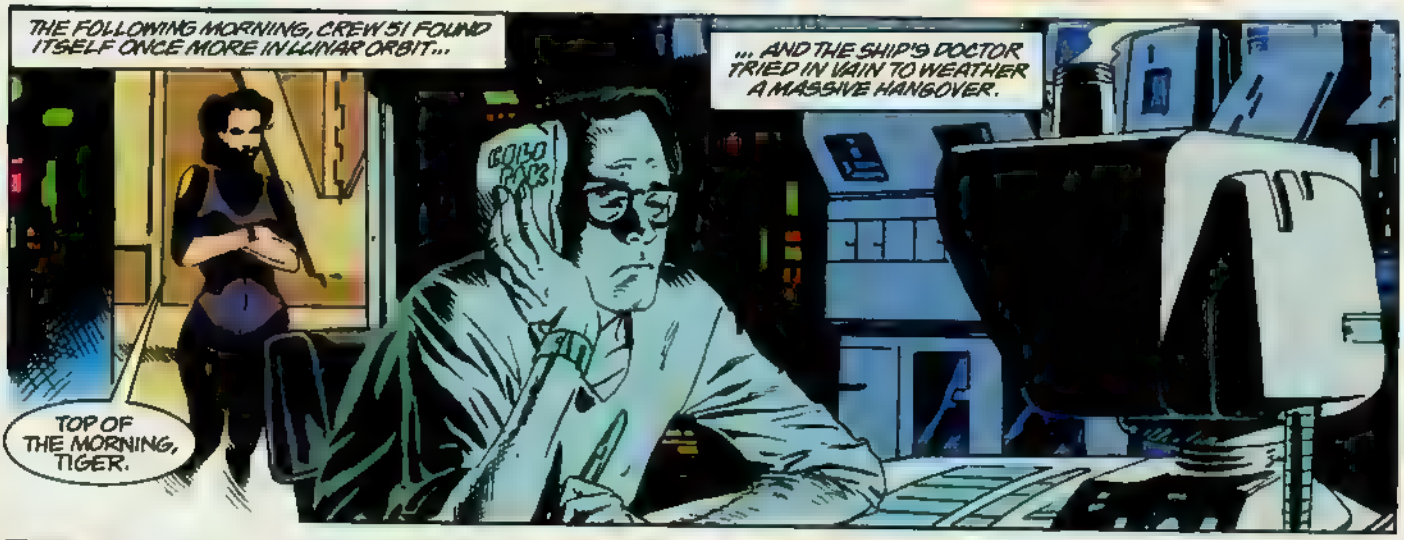

SOON...
WHY THE HELL DID YOU MARRY THAT LOSER, LARA?
SOMEONE FROM EARTH ONCE SAID, "KEEP YOUR FRIENDS CLOSE... AND YOUR ENEMIES CLOSER"...
...BUT DON'T WORRY, SID. AS YOU CAN SEE, NOTHING HAS CHANGED. NOW, PASS ME THAT RUM...
...THE NIGHT'S ALWAYS YOUNG OUT HERE...


POOR FRANCIS HAD A BIT TOO MUCH TO DRINK! HAW HAW! WHAT DO YOU SEE IN THAT GOOMBAH, ANYWAY?
UNNH! URG!
WELL, ahhh... FOR ONE THING... mmh... THAT'S IT, RALPH...
...LIFE INSURANCE... mmmh... PERHAPS YOU BOYS CAN HELP ME FIGURE OUT A WAY TO COLLECT IT.

...oh, yes... HARDER, RALPH! FASTER!!

NIGHTY-NIGHT, FRANCIS.
YEAH, AFTER FOUR "KEEL HAULS", HE'LL SLEEP RIGHT THROUGH HYPER-JUMP.

PLEASANT DREAMS, HERO.

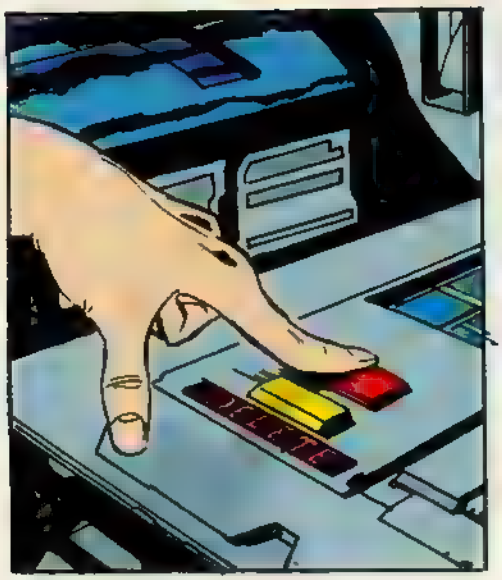

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, CREW 51 FOUND ITSELF ONCE MORE IN LUNAR ORBIT...
... AND THE SHIP'S DOCTOR TRIED IN VAIN TO WEATHER A MASSIVE HANGOVER.
TOP OF THE MORNING, TIGER.

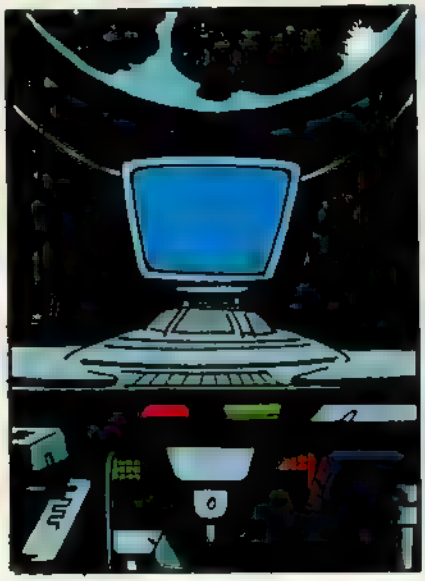
DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT, DARLING?
DID WE...?
LET'S PUT IT THIS WAY...

...IT WAS LIKE BEING WITH THREE MEN, INSTEAD OF ONE.

RESEARCHING MY SORDID PAST, HUH? WHY GO TO THE TROUBLE, FRANCIS?

HAS BEEN ATTACKED. ONE OF OBERSTEIN'S CHARGES, LARA XAVIER, WAS VISIBLY SHAKEN SINCE HER PARENTS HAD DIED UNDER SIMILAR CIRCUMSTANCES. OFFICIALS HAVE STATED LARA IS UNDERGOING DEEP TRAUMA AND WILL SOON BE RELEASED TO THE TRANQUILITY BASE MENTAL HOSPITAL FOR OBSERVATION.



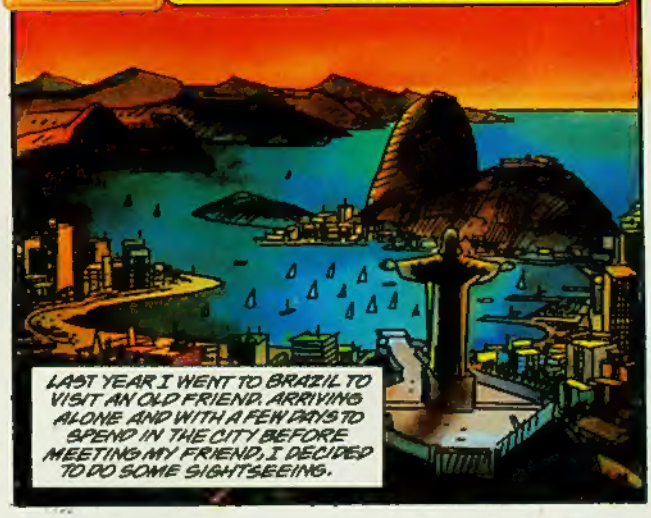


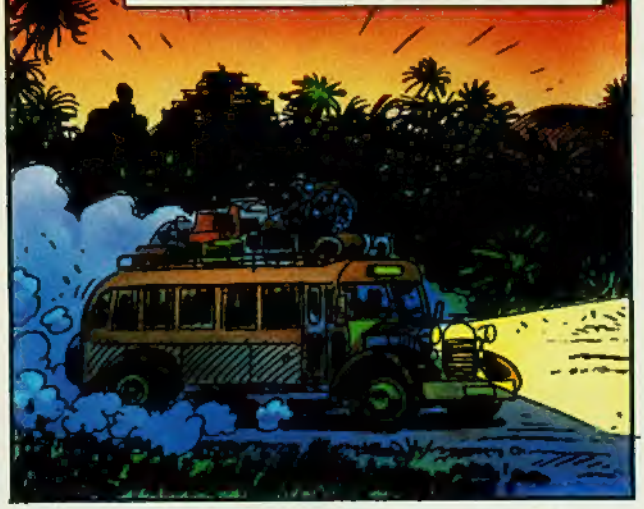
THE END

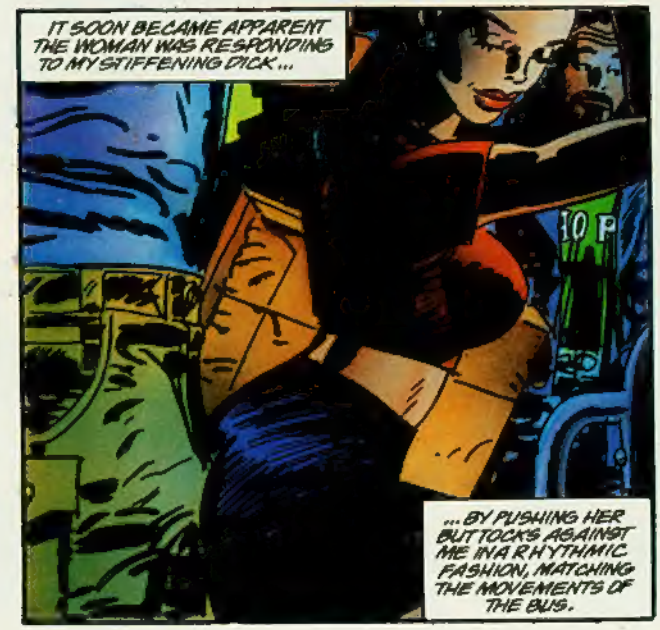
BROWN'S DELIGHTS

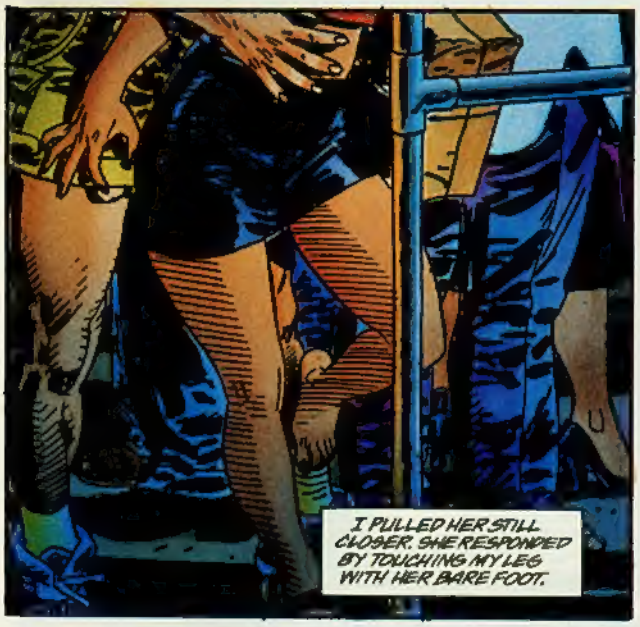
...AND LEAVE THE DRIVING TO US!

STORY: ELIOT R. BROWN
ART: ALFONSO FONT
COLORING: ARTHUR SUYDAM
LETTERING: VICKIE WILLIAMS



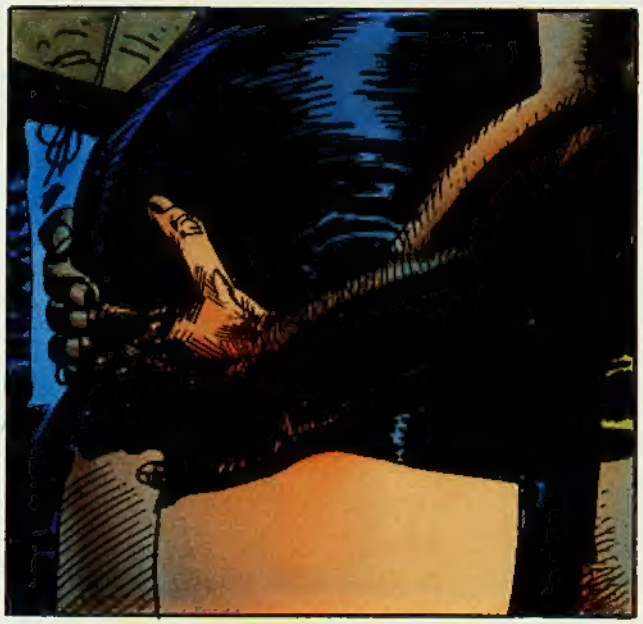





I PULLED HER STILL CLOSER. SHE RESPONDED BY TOUCHING MY LEG WITH HER BARE FOOT.

THE BUS SUDDENLY STOPPED. USING THE MOMENTARY JOLT, THE WOMAN TURNED TO FACE ME.

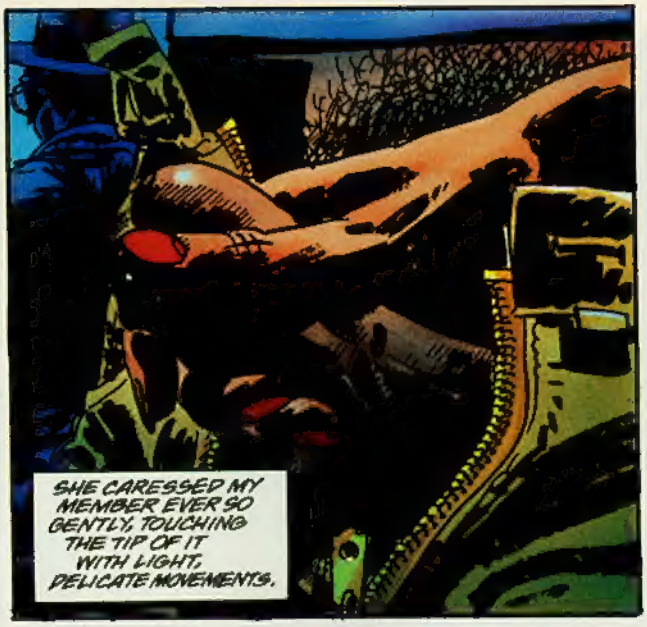
I WAS STARING RIGHT INTO HER BEAUTIFUL, MYSTERIOUS, AND SENSUOUS EYES.



HOLDING ONTO THE SAME OVERHEAD BAR I WAS USING, SHE DROPPED THE PACKAGE SHE WAS HOLDING TO THE FLOOR OF THE BUS.

WITH HER HAND NOW FREE, SHE BEGAN RUBBING MY STIFF COCK THROUGH MY SHORTS, MAKING IT EVEN STIFFER.

JUST WHEN I THOUGHT IT COULDN'T GET ANY BETTER, SHE UNZIPPED MY FLY AND PUT HER HAND DIRECTLY AROUND MY COCK.


SHE CARESSED MY MEMBER EVER SO GENTLY, TOUCHING THE TIP OF IT WITH LIGHT, DELICATE MOVEMENTS.

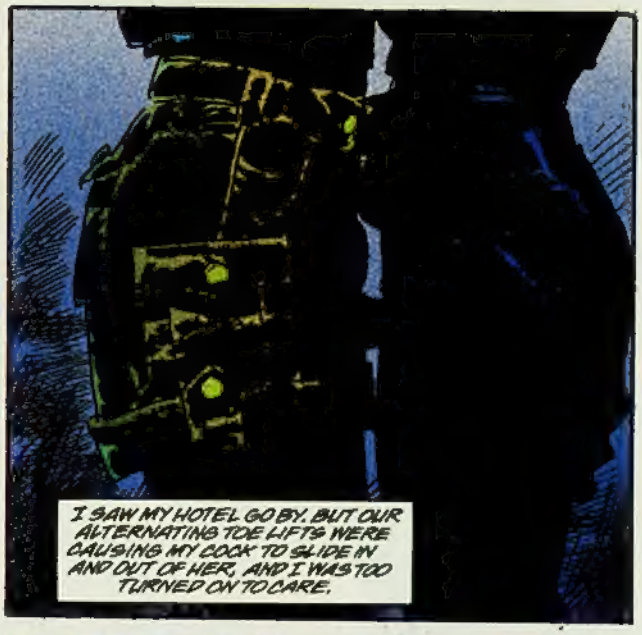
WANTING TO RETURN THE FAVOR, I PLACED MY HANDS DOWN UNDER HER SKIRT...
...I DISCOVERED SHE WAS NOT WEARING PANTIES.

I WAS A LITTLE FRUSTRATED BECAUSE THE CROWDING KEPT ME FROM MOVING MY HAND LOWER.

AS IF READING MY MIND, THE WOMAN STOOD ON THE PACKAGE SHE HAD DROPPED TO THE FLOOR, PUTTING US AT EYE LEVEL.

REALIZING HER PUSSY WAS ALMOST IN A PERFECT POSITION FOR MY COCK, I RAN MY HAND UP HER THIGH.

TOTALLY ENFLAMED, SHE GUIDED MY COCK TO THE EDGE OF HER PUSSY... A MOMENT LATER I SLID INSIDE HER, NOT DEEPLY BUT DEEP ENOUGH...
I WANTED TO SHOUT WITH PLEASURE BUT COULDN'T. IN A STRANGE WAY, THIS MADE IT EVEN BETTER.


I SAW MY HOTEL GO BY. BUT OUR ALTERNATING TOE LIFTS WERE CAUSING MY COCK TO SLIDE IN AND OUT OF HER, AND I WAS TOO TURNED ON TO CARE.

I WAS ONLY HOLDING BACK SO THE WOMAN COULD COME FIRST...
HOTEL
THEN SHE STIFFENED, HER EYES ROLLING BACK INTO HER HEAD, HER BODY TREMBLING EVER SO SLIGHTLY.

SEEING THIS, I LET MY LOAD FLY INTO HER. I CAME IN SEEMINGLY ENDLESS SPURTS OF PLEASURE.

AS THE QUIVERING WAVES OF ECSTASY SUBSIDED, WE BOTH RELAXED. DISMOUNTING FROM MY STILL THROBBING COCK, SHE LOWERED HERSELF TO THE FLOOR.
I STUFFED MY COCK BACK INTO MY PANTS. OUR TIMING WAS PERFECT: WE WERE ARRIVING AT A LIGHTED BUS TERMINAL.

THE BUS CAME TO A JERKY STOP... I LOOKED AT THE WOMAN CURIOUSLY...
"TCHAU."
...WAS ALL SHE SAID, THEN TURNED AND WALKED AWAY. I WILL BE GOING BACK TO BRAZIL NEXT SUMMER.-- A.P., LOS ANGELES, CA